



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 22, No. 5

(Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors)
Offices: 28 Adelaide Street West

TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER 14, 1908

TERMS (Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2.)

Whole No. 1093

THE FRONT PAGE

LET the reader imagine for a moment that he is an old Englishman sitting in the doorway of the cottage or the castle of his ancestors, reading his favorite newspaper. Let the reader enter fully into the spirit of the thing and imagine further that he reads his favorite newspaper with a certain amount of difficulty owing to the fact that he had lost an eye at Omdurman, or in some little frontier scrape in India or in any one of those affairs by means of which much map painting has been done within a generation. If the reader, after putting himself in the old Englishman's place in the ancestral doorway, looks up with his solitary eye from his favorite newspaper, he will probably see nestling against a hill a venerable little village from which for centuries youths have gone forth to the foreign wars—sometimes marching off in companies, at other times slipping away in pairs or singly to enlist under a Marlborough or a Wellington or to ship under a Drake or a Nelson—an anxious little village for centuries looking always far out to sea for those who never return. Indeed, the sons of that village have left their bones on the floors of the seven seas and far in the interiors of the five continents. But turning to his paper again the old Englishman with one eye reads the following despatch:

London, Nov. 2.—Englishmen who have just returned from South Africa, express a great deal of indignation because of the drift of affairs in that British country. It is the deliberate policy to exclude the English—they meet with the unfriendly discrimination of the government in every way. On the plea of retrenchment they are dropped from the civil service; they are dropped from the constabulary. On the last anniversary of Majuba Day there appeared in a Dutch paper some verses of which a part may be roughly translated thus:

Keep up, then, Afrikaner!
The Englishman must go!
He'll never keep this country—
We've always told him so.

This is the prevailing idea. A picture of Briton and Boer, hand in hand, late foes become brothers, the Union Jack fluttering overhead, is pretty enough, but it is a fanciful picture. The Englishman is being weeded out—excluded.

What would the reader, were he an old Englishman maimed in the wars, think of that? Would he not growl and turn to another column? But there he might read this:

London, Nov. 2.—Much comment is occasioned here by an article in the Derby Express in which it is stated that Canadians have a dislike, not to say a contempt, for Englishmen. Time after time one comes across people who have returned from Canada who tell grim stories of how when applying for work, being questioned as to their nationality, doors have been slammed in their faces when they have announced that they are Englishmen. Advertisements even appear in the newspapers saying "No Englishmen need apply."

What would the reader think of that—were he an old Englishman crippled in the colonial wars? Were he to turn to another column in his newspaper he might find a quotation from a long letter sent by an Englishman in Vancouver to the London Times, saying:

There is an idea in eastern Canada that Vancouver is also English (like Victoria), and that Englishmen find a more congenial atmosphere here than in the cities of the central and eastern provinces. If this be the case, then the situation in the east must be indeed deplorable, for "deplorable" is hardly too strong a word to employ in describing the situation in Vancouver. I am not speaking at random; I am not speaking without having made a thorough enquiry into the subject. It is the truth that a young Englishman arriving in Vancouver has less chance of obtaining employment than a European of almost any other nationality. In the best club of Vancouver, when an Englishman is put up for permanent membership, a whip has to be sent to the English members in order to overcome the black balls which will almost certainly be used against the candidate, only because he is an Englishman.

The reader must remember that if he were actually the old Englishman he is for the moment imagining himself to be, he would accept all these statements as true, appearing as they do in his favorite newspaper. What would you think were you in his place? Is it not probable that your one eye would flash with anger, that you would throw down your newspaper, and say a few things with considerable vigor?

SUCH paragraphs cannot be very pleasant reading for John Bull at home, knowing what he knows of the world and its ways, the colonies and their history. The three sample items from the press which I have quoted are put forward so that the Canadian may get a square look at the case, and also in order that we may frankly consider to what extent the Englishman is "not wanted" in Canada. Of the letter in The Times of which an excerpt is given, I will merely say that I know several members of the Vancouver Club and will be surprised if it be true that men are blackballed merely because they are English. There might, however, in any club be provoked a disposition to resist an invasion of new-comers bent on changing the atmosphere and character of the house. But leaving the Vancouver Club matter to be discussed—if discussion be called for—by those more familiar with it, we may turn to the general question. The charge that the English are unpopular in Canada has been the subject of a great deal of comment of late in the press of Great Britain. Eminent persons touring Canada have advised us that we should not harbor any such dislike; the London newspapers have chided us for it. But much of all this talk is based on an error.

There is no prejudice in this country against Englishmen, but there is a strong dislike of certain types.

In proof of this it is but necessary to point out that not a word was heard of any such prejudice until ten, five, four years ago, when train loads of assisted immigrants began to be set down at various points throughout the Dominion. When, in previous years, odd families arrived, they came because they wanted to come, and had in them the enterprise to pack up and come, with the responsibility on their own shoulders. They were of a different type from those who have been rounded up by one society or another and exported. But even among those whose coming was induced and assisted, there is a majority who are as welcome as the flowers in May, for they try to fit into the scheme of things; they work and do not seek to live by talk alone. Perhaps if English journalists, when they hear of a man having returned from Canada loudly complaining of his usage here, would study the man a little they would find that he is the kind of person who would have grievances anywhere outside the surroundings in which he was moulded. Take the case of one man whose charge that Canadians were pre-

judiced against the English was widely quoted in the British press. He had been sent out here by a Society; his passage was paid to an interior city; he refused farm work because he knew nothing of it; he discovered a small town which had no waterworks system and drew plans to supply the deficiency, but the town refused to let him put in a water works system. Instead, he was offered some poor job at paltry wages, but left in disgust, and went back to England, considering himself badly used. He was merely ridiculous. He wanted a town that didn't know him to give him charge of an expensive work that the town didn't want done.

Young men from English cities have been brought out in hundreds and hired by our farmers. They knew nothing of the work; they hated the laborious toil; they craved the excitements of the city. Their employers were

isfactory workmen—each again goes to show that it is all a question of individuals. In the shops of the man whose words are quoted, one or two men may have made all the trouble, but the consequences fall on many. In every walk of life all the way across Canada are Englishmen prosperous and popular, and, in fact, no man can be more popular in this country than an Englishman who knows how and is so inclined. But the chap who thinks he has a divine right to be provided for by somebody, who prefers charity to any kind of work except his own trade in a union shop at the union scale; who talks, talks, talks, talks—the natives of this country do not, and are not going to like him.

At home does John Bull like him? We want to know. If so, we are curious to get the secret of the, to us, unaccountable affection.

regarded as another plum tree in the party orchard.

Hon. Frank Oliver might make a good man on the Railway Commission. He has opinions and is afraid of nobody, but it is not likely that the railway companies would hear his name mentioned for a seat on the board without hurrying to headquarters with a protest, for he has the name of being a man hard to manage. Nor does it seem probable that he will drop out of the ministry. Before the elections it was pretty generally supposed that some arrangement had been made for the return of Mr. Sifton to a place in the cabinet, but several things have happened to make this as doubtful as it is undesirable. He barely escaped defeat in his own constituency of Brandon, and in Manitoba, where he had charge of the campaign for his party, severe reverses were met with. These things would not matter were it not that they are widely construed as evidencing a lost public faith in him. Not only has he failed to prove the force that he was supposed to be, but the land and timber scandals so much talked of in the campaign all dated back to the time when he was Minister of the Interior previous to 1904, and nothing of the sort is charged since he was succeeded by Hon. Frank Oliver. He has got his party into most of its troubles, and his reappearance in the cabinet would be regarded by most Liberals in Ontario as a great mistake, precluding all possibility of that movement "making for righteousness" of which The Globe, resuming its class-meeting voice, told us about when it returned from the elections, like one of Cromwell's Roundheads, powder-stained, gory, winded but elate.

Mr. Sifton does not fit in, nor is he needed. He does not fit in because it is expected that Sir Wilfrid will undertake to give the country a government worthy of himself and the faith the country has reposed in him. He is not necessary because Sir Wilfrid comes back to office strong enough to dispense with him or anybody else who may be in, behind or under his cabinet.

Sir Wilfrid is a younger man than was Sir John Macdonald after the elections of 1891. He has more of youth and health; he has a larger following in the House; he has a more prosperous country to handle, and is, in every way, better circumstanced, to crown his career with a period of real statesmanship. And many believe that not only has he the opportunity but the inclination to do much that is finer than win party fights and wrest party prizes from opponents to confer them on followers. Even such material advancement as he may help to promote will be swallowed up and belittled by the greater growth of the coming years, but were he to enforce a high morality in public affairs and reconstruct our tumble-down and jerry-built system of government, which leaves the nation the prey of the worst elements first of one party and then of the other, he would be doing a lasting service.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, it is said, is half-minded to enter the Senate after quitting the Presidency. He is quoted as having said, some time ago, that were Taft in the White House he would not have the same hesitancy about entering the Senate that he would have were some one in the Presidency with whom his relations were less intimate. But that's the point. His relations with Mr. Taft are so intimate, his habit of mastery so highly developed, that there might arise the suspicion that the Roosevelt rule had not ceased at all. If Mr. Taft is to get a fair show, Mr. Roosevelt should go shooting elephants in the very farthest Africa to which a road is cut.

A HAMILTON woman in whose house a murder has been committed was, it seems, ordered by a magistrate to leave that city three years ago, and her presence there at this time will, it is said, get the police into trouble. But consider this matter a moment. Why should a magistrate in Hamilton or any other city have the power to banish a man or a woman? If an undesirable woman should go from Toronto to Hamilton, the authorities there might properly order her to return whence she came. But in this case, as reported in despatches, the matter is not stated in any such way. She was ordered "to leave town" three years ago, but is there yet, and an irate magistrate is going to find out why the gates of the city were not closed against her. But if she is not fit to be at large in Hamilton, why is she not locked up in Hamilton? If evil is known of her there, why send her elsewhere with her accomplishments?

THE morning after the Presidential election in the United States the New York Central Railway Company sent out over one hundred telegrams releasing orders for railroad supplies and equipment aggregating in cost \$31,000,000. "I placed these orders some time ago and made each order contingent on the election of Mr. Taft," says Mr. W. C. Brown, vice-president of the company. "I can say positively that other railroads of this country have either already, or will within a few days, release orders like those of ours that will aggregate \$240,000,000."

There is practical politics and effective campaigning for you with a vengeance! Imagine the influence of orders for \$240,000,000 worth of supplies judiciously placed with industrial concerns all over the country a few weeks or months before the elections, and all these orders made conditional on Taft's election. "Elect him and we order these supplies—defeat him and these orders are cancelled." Would not the news of these orders be spread up and down through the manufacturing centres until every workman would be made to believe that the shops would boom if he voted for Taft and that the shops would close down if he voted for Bryan? With a pressure so gigantic exerting itself in his favor, is it surprising that Taft won? Mr. Brown speaks for the railways alone, but what additional millions of orders were placed right and left by other huge capitalistic influences and made conditional on the election of Taft? Against this kind of campaigning who could stand up?

They do not call this bribery or intimidation of the electorate. "We did this," says Mr. Brown, "because our company believed that should the election go against Taft, the money and commercial markets of the country would be too seriously disturbed to warrant us entering upon extensive operations." This is the explanation put forward. But does not Mr. Brown perceive the true nature



silent men; they chattered incessantly. After one season the farmers refused to hire "help" of this kind. Here originated the talk that "English are not wanted."

ALTHOUGH for many years a constant reader of the Canadian papers I have never seen an advertisement saying, "No English Need Apply." No doubt such advertisements have appeared, but they are uncommon, and it may be surmised that those who have used such words have done so in a fit of temper following a disagreeable experience. The cause would be found in the advertiser's experience with one or two individuals. A Toronto manufacturer told me not long ago that so far as he was concerned he did not want Englishmen in his shops. He explained his reason to be that, while he wished them well, they did not wish him well. A friend had come to him a few years ago and convinced him that he should find work for a lot of new arrivals. He did—gave them every vacancy in his shops. "But," he said, "I found that they were poisonous with trades unionism, got my whole force dissatisfied, and when I tried to locate the trouble, was met by some of these new hands who talked a torrent of Socialistic nonsense, the burden of which was that I was their natural enemy." Other employers tell me they have not had that experience at all, but find English mechanics superior and sat-

All this kind of thing will right itself. People will shake into place. But in the meantime it is the duty of every Canadian to bear always in mind the fact, strangers in a new country are deserving of consideration. They have an up-hill way at first and at best.

SEVERAL political rumors have floated about since the Dominion elections. One was to the effect that Hon. Frank Oliver would take a seat on the Railway Commission, opening the way for the return of Hon. Clifford Sifton to his old department. Another had it that Hon. William Templeman, defeated in Vancouver, would be appointed to the Railway Commission, and that Mr. W. W. McInnes would enter the Cabinet, Mr. Sloan, M.P., retiring to provide him with a safe seat. This rumor was denied in a despatch from Ottawa, and it is worth noting that the denial was sent out on the day Sir Wilfrid reappeared at his office. It is regrettable that the tongue of rumor should so readily form the habit of talking of the Railway Commission as a refuge for disused cabinet material—a shelf more select than the Senate or a prize for partisans somewhat fatter than a Senatorship. This is not the kind of Railway Commission on which people had built their hopes. It was hoped that that Board would regulate the railways and solve our transportation problems. It was hoped that it would not be

of the thing done? If a few men in control of vast aggregations of capital can, from motives they deem good, coerce the nation into accepting whichever Presidential candidate they choose, could not the same coercion be exercised with greed as the motive? Could it not be done in order to elect a man friendly to aggregated capital—a man who would look on and not interfere with those clever arrangements by which the increasing national wealth passes into the control of a favored few? Supported by such campaigning no candidate could fail; opposed by it, no candidate could win. An election fund, however great, is as nothing compared with the business bludgeon wielded on behalf of Mr. Taft. But, is it wise?

It is claimed that all public business should be publicly discussed. Here surely is an exception. Trustee Levee enquired at the meeting of the Toronto Board of Education if parents have complained about inefficient teaching in a certain department of one of the Collegiate Institutes. He named the institution and the department, and all this was duly published in the daily press. That department of that Institute is seriously damaged, in the estimation of parents and pupils, and yet the fact may be that few complaints have been made and the Board may decide that no change in the teaching staff is necessary. Why blurt out anything of this kind in the public prints unless it is found that the teaching is inefficient, and until a change is ready for announcement?

MR. JUSTICE CASSELS, immediately on being appointed to the bench, was commissioned to preside at an investigation into charges of improper dealings in connection with the Department of Marine and Fisheries. Such an astonishing lot of useful work has already been done, such a state of affairs in the public service has been revealed, that it might be well to keep Judge Cassels permanently employed as he is at present. No doubt there is enough work along present lines to keep him busy for life.

There is graft to the right of him, to the left of him, before and behind him, wherever he turns the light of inquiry.

"Of course, I accepted the money," said the captain of a Government vessel. "It is the custom all over the world. Those who supply supplies also supply gifts."

The practice is scarcely universal as yet. It seems to be too general, however, and it falls to the lot of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to see that such discouragement is given it as will emphasize the fact that there is a moral objection to the practice of the buyer being in the secret pay of the seller.

According to the evidence of Mr. F. X. Drolet, of Quebec, his firm has paid, in the last few years, in sums ranging from a paltry \$15 to a robust \$1,775, the aggregate of \$8,778 to twenty-four men in the employ of the Department of Marine and Fisheries. Other firms having dealings with the service have been paying money in the same way. One firm admits paying \$500 per year to one official. These sums were paid as gifts. It is idle for men who accept tips of this nature to plead that they were not influenced improperly by the money they received. Special provision should be made in the criminal code for this rake-off evil, this acceptance of tips, presents, commissions on the part of employees whether of the State or of private firms. The evil is widespread in Toronto. Not only those who are buying agents in a large way, but even men in shops and factories are "squared" by salesmen to favor their goods—unless they very bluntly discourage advances of this nature. The real character of this grafting business should be brought home to people everywhere by the State, which should call the thing by its right name and dismiss those who practice it. MACK.

ONE thing I deplore in Canadian national life," said Rev. Dr. Milligan in his sermon on Sunday evening last, "and that is the lack of respect shown by children to their parents. Our Canadian boys and girls are too precocious, and are brought into the parlor to entertain the family visitors when they ought to be in their beds." He severely censured trusts and combines, and the high prices of fish, milk and other items in the food list. "There are men high in church circles in this city," he said, "prominent in the Laymen's Forward Missionary Movement, who are drawing big dividends out of the poor, and I don't see what they are in the church for." He suggested that instead of increasing the cost of necessities they should make their gains by enhancing the price of whiskey and cigars.

REV. DR. BARCLAY, of Montreal, pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian church for the past twenty-five years, was on Thanksgiving night presented with a check for \$5,000 by his congregation and securities worth \$73,300 by Lord Mountstephen, a former member of his church. It is not a bad idea this. Why should not each millionaire who is tired and perplexed by the problem of handling his surplus wealth, turn over blocks of it to men who seem capable of making good use of it?

THE London, Ont., newspapers note that Claude St. George Cuff, "a member of the English nobility," was, this week, sentenced in that city to six months in the Central Prison for stealing a watch in a boarding house. This news is remarkably sad, but not so sadly remarkable as the fact that Lord Sholto Douglas, a son of the famous Marquis of Queensberry, who framed the rules for prize-fighting, is in the cells at Nelson, B.C., charged with shooting a man from behind.

A REPORT from Panama tells of a subterranean lake having been struck under the site of one of the proposed big locks of the Panama Canal at Gatun. It is said that this will vastly increase the cost of the work and delay its completion for several years. The reader will notice that the story did not leak out until after the elections.

THE Port Hope Guide reports the passing through that town on its way to the Canadian West of a train of twenty-one cars laden with whisky from the Corby distillery at Belleville—said to be the first special of the kind to go West. The train travels only in daylight and an officer is in charge each night.

IT is humiliating to learn that on Thanksgiving Day, 1908, which was also the King's Birthday, the Canadian navy was tied up at Quebec owing to the suspension of its officers on accusations of graft.

A TIE has resulted in the elections in Newfoundland, the parties standing eighteen to eighteen, and a disturbed state of politics may be expected in the island for some time to come.



FIRING THE SALUTE IN TORONTO.
The Ninth Battery fired twenty-one guns in Queen's Park at noon on the King's Birthday, Thanksgiving Day.

WILL IT COME TO THIS?

THE Rev. Adver Tizer was a gentleman of brains, And the Blood of Business Principle was coursing through his veins. He was sure that Innovation was a necessary part Of the Trade of True Religion and the Ministerial Art.

He provided feather pillows for the corners of his pews, And attendants to massage your face and polish up your shoes; For he said: "The waste of time involved in dressing is immense— Let us mingle Prayers and Toilet in the name of Common Sense."

Then he fitted up a smoking-room and up-to-date buffet, And a nursery in the Chancel, where the little ones might play; While the ushers, armed with megaphones, were stationed at the doors To announce the late arrivals and the Sunday Baseball scores.

A corps of thirty sandwich-men paraded in the aisles, With the wording of the anthems and the latest Paris styles; While the sidesmen, in the organ-loft, secure from all detection, Put in the weary hours by playing Bridge for the collection.

But his crowning act of brilliance we shall nevermore forget, For his Guessing Contest lingers in our recollection yet, He announced a special sermon for the Sunday after next— And the thing we had to guess was the location of his Text.

The fee was purely nominal—a single Dollar Bill Was contributed by each to the ecclesiastic till, So the prize was worth the winning, and the Leader of the Flock— Had to cancel all engagements for the sake of taking stock.

The fatal day was nearing—speculation grew apace; But the Pastor proved himself to be the winner of the race, For he couldn't bear to separate the Genius from the Wealth— So he took the proceeds with him and departed for his health.

REGINALD G. SMELLIE.

Toronto, Nov., '08.

IN THE BEGINNING

E. V. Lucas, in a charming new book, "The Ladies' Progress," extolling women by giving quotations from the poetry and prose of the poet, begins with the following delightful story of "The Beginning," by F. W. Bain.

IN the beginning, when Twashtri came to the creation of woman, he found that he had exhausted his materials in the making of man, and that no solid elements were left.

In this dilemma, after profound meditation, he did as follows:

He took the rotundity of the moon, and the curves of creepers, and the clinging of tendrils, and the trembling of grass, and the slenderness of the reed, and the bloom of flowers, and the lightness of leaves, and the tapering of the elephants trunk, and the glances of deer, and the clustering rows of bees, and the joyous gaiety of sunbeams, and the weeping of clouds, and the fickleness of the winds, and the timidity of the hare, and the vanity of the peacock, and the softness of the parrots bosom, and the hardness of adamant, and the sweetness of honey, and the cruelty of the tiger, and the warm glow of fire, and the coldness of snow, and the chattering of jays, and the cooing of the kokila, and the hypocrisy of the crane, and the fidelity of the chakrawaka; and compounding all these together, he made woman and gave her to man.

But, after one week, man came to him, and said: "Lord, this creature that you have given me makes my life miserable. She chatters incessantly, and teases me beyond endurance, never leaving me alone; and she re-

quires incessant attention, and takes all my time up, and cries about nothing, and is always idle; and so I have come to give her back again, as I cannot live with her."

So Twashtri said: "Very well," and he took her back.

Then, after another week, man came again to him, and said: "Lord, I find that my life is very lonely since I gave you back that creature. I remember how she used to dance and sing to me, and look at me out of the corner of her eye, and play with me, and cling to me; and her laughter was music, and she was beautiful to look at, and soft to touch: so give her back to me again."

So Twashtri said: "Very well," and gave her back again.

Then after only three days, man came back to him again, and said: "Lord, I know not how it is; but after all, I have come to the conclusion that she is more of a trouble than a pleasure to me; so please take her back again."

But Twashtri said: "Out on you! Be off! I will have no more of this. You must manage how you can."

Then said the man: "But I cannot live with her." And Twashtri replied: "Neither could you live without her."

And he turned his back on the man, and went on with his work.

Then the man said: "What is to be done? for I cannot live either with or without her."

MR. S. T. HUMBERSTON of Newton Brook, Ont., has sent to this office a printed leaflet in which he argues that modern science is altogether astray on essential points. He says children are taught at home, in Sunday school and church that the Bible is to be believed when it teaches that the earth was created before the sun; while in all our educational institutions they are taught that the earth was once part of the sun. Mr. Humberston sides with Genesis. He offers science a theory in keeping with orthodox teaching and will, no doubt, forward a copy of his leaflet to any who may write for it. While the dispute is rather beyond the scope of these columns, we cannot refrain from quoting these concluding words: "The sun is not by any means a heated body. It is the electric force generated by the sun's rays penetrating the atmosphere surrounding the earth that produces that condition termed heat. The greater the penetration and resistance the more heat is generated. This is evidenced by the intense heat of the valley and the eternal snows upon the mountain summits. The temperature of a planet depends not upon its distance from the sun but upon the volume of air surrounding it."

THE London Free Press, a staunch Conservative paper, says that Hon. George E. Foster must press his libel suits, vindicate himself or relieve the Conservative party of his weight. "It is necessary to insist," says that journal, "that Mr. Foster shall make good in his libel action against the Toronto Globe and its editor. If he fails, he must in justice to his party and leader retire from public life. It must not be lost sight of that Mr. Foster has been an able and honest public servant. He is just such a man as a Government inclined toward wrong would gladly see put out of the political way. He is therefore entitled to fair play. He has brought his action against The Globe at a time when politics are least likely to affect the result. He goes into court backed by a strongly sympathetic vote from his own constituency, and if The Globe, as the mouthpiece of Liberalism, has dealt with him unjustly, he should succeed. His fitness for public life and service must shortly be determined."

ON Thursday of next week at 4 p.m., a meeting of the Toronto Playgrounds Association will be held at the City Hall, to hear reports on the movement in American cities, and to discuss the work here. All those who are members of the organization and all who take an interest in the subject are invited to attend.

CHARLES M. HAYS says that the Grand Trunk Pacific will be completed by December, 1911, and that trains will run from Port Arthur to Edmonton next spring.

REV. DR. A. C. COURTICE, formerly editor of the Christian Guardian, and a well-known leader in Methodism, died at Port Perry on Tuesday, aged 51.

WHITELAW REID recently unveiled a tablet in Bath, in memory of Edmund Burke, the English statesman and orator. The tablet had been set upon the house where Burke lived in Bath. Subsequent to the unveiling ceremonies Mr. Reid made a long address in which he declared that the highest, the most courageous, and the most far-seeing service in Burke's whole illustrious career was his outspoken sympathy with the American colonists and his unflinching resistance to the measures which eventually brought about the American revolution.

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DRAWING ROOM WALL PAPERS

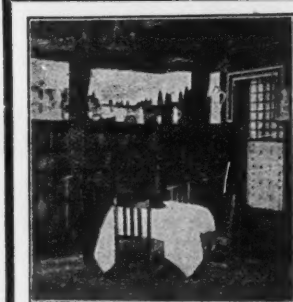
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Colonial Candlestick, per pair 8.00
Brilliant Cut Vases, new shapes, 2.75
Sugar and Cream 2.75

Sterling Silver

Sterling Silver Photo Frames at 2.00
Sterling Silver Pepper and Salts, in leather case, from 6.00
Sterling Silver Bon Bon Dishes at 2.75
Sterling Silver Napkin Rings, each 1.75

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CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (RESERVE) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,100,000

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"Silver Plate That Wears." quickly diminishes Christmas stocks and delay may mean acceptance of a brand of silver plate inferior both in quality and design.

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HAMILTON, ONTARIO

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL



MONTREAL, Nov. 4.

THE sale of a valuable piece of Montreal real estate the other day aptly illustrates the tremendous growth of Canadian centres. A plot of land situated at the corner of St. Catherine and Mountain streets, and containing one of those fine, old-fashioned, grey stone residences, which, unfortunately, are fast disappearing, was sold for \$227,000, or equal to about \$14 per square foot. This property was purchased by the Prevost family something like a half century ago for \$14,000, which is equivalent to a trifle over 40 cents per square foot, and which in that day must have been a good round sum. Illustrating specially, however, the advance of latter years in real estate values, it might be mentioned that five years ago this same property was offered for \$135,000 and no purchaser could be found. Ten years ago St. Catherine street west, in the neighborhood of Mountain and thence on to the city limits, there was not a mercantile house larger than a small corner grocery or drug store, not to speak of bank buildings and the like. When James Ogilvy, who at that time kept a modest drygoods store in the lower portion of the city, purchased the corner of Mountain and St. Catherine streets (directly opposite the property which has now changed hands) and announced that he would build thereon a fine departmental store, nearly everyone quite frankly stated that they believed the man to be crazy. How downright sane he was, however, is indicated by the fact that this self same Ogilvy firm has now purchased the Prevost property at a figure which marks up a new record for property in this section of Montreal.



MR. H. C. HAMMOND

Of the firm of Osler & Hammond, Toronto, and one of the leading business men of the city. For a number of years Mr. Hammond has been recognized as one of Toronto's most public-spirited citizens, and the Toronto Free Hospital for Consumptives is a monument to his generosity and energy. A short time ago Mr. Hammond was informed by physicians that he had a fatal malady and had but a few months to live, but he accepted the verdict with characteristic philosophy. In the opinion of many nothing finer or more creditable could well be written by any man under like circumstances, than the appeal published in the press by Mr. Hammond on behalf of the institution for the care of the consumptive poor, which he founded, but which the verdict of the physicians warns him he will not live to see put on the broad basis of usefulness that he had planned for it. He wrote inviting popular assistance in the work and it was an appeal of singular simplicity and force.

It is almost a foregone conclusion that H. S. Holt will succeed the late Thomas E. Kenny as President of the Royal Bank. Mr. Holt was at one time President of the ill-fated Sovereign Bank. Fortunately for him, however, he got out of that before its bad days, and just what caused him to resign from the Sovereign and sever his connection therewith to go over to the Royal would probably make interesting reading, but only Mr. Holt could tell the story and he is not likely to. Mr. Holt could probably be now ranked in the millionaire class, and when someone publishes a revised list of Montreal's rich men some of these days, his name will be included along with that of Van Horne, Mackay, Hosmer, Ross and all the rest. And, by the way, Mr. Holt started his fortune in much the same way as did Van Horne and Ross and the others, for he, like them, was connected with the C. P. R. in its early days. Mr. Holt was years ago a railway contractor in a small way, and shoved the lines along through the West with James Ross and the others.

The Canadian shipping trade has suffered tremendously through the thick weather which has prevailed during the past two months on the St. Lawrence route. It has been a combination of fog and smoke, the latter resulting from the forest fires which have raged in all directions. So bad have some of the lines been hit that they have been compelled to rearrange their sailing dates, and the Allans for one reason or another have fared worse than any of the rest. Some other vessel would sail just in time to avoid the worst of a fog, but the Allan line hit it always just at its worst. The damage resulting by steamships being long overdue has run into millions in the aggregate when all the shipping of the St. Lawrence is taken into consideration. It is reckoned that the delay of an ocean-going steamship amounts to 8 cents per day per ton for freighters and about 12 cents per day per ton for passenger vessels, so it can readily be seen that the steamships are eating up their profits at rates ranging from \$500 to \$1,200 per day, not to speak of what they are losing in the way of freight by being compelled to skip scheduled voyages. However, the loss to shipping is not beyond repair, while that suffered through the burning of the forests is a loss to the province and the country that never can be replaced. On all sides, wherever a railway locomotive runs, the forests have been burning for nine weeks or more, and the damage has run into many millions, just how much no man can reckon. It's time that the railways found some means of preventing their locomotives sparking up the landscape, the same result always following in protracted dry spells.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12.

THE financial situation in Canada is so strong that there is little likelihood of any pronounced setback for some time to come. Reactions in the prices of securities may occur from time to time, but they are likely to be only temporary. The crucial period has passed for the season, and with every indication of increasing trade expansion the outlook is bright, indeed. We have arrived at that stage when the note circulation of our banks is usually at its height, and from now on this automatic circulation will contract. The bulk of the crop movement of the year has passed, and the large revenues derived from the sale of our surplus grains and produce generally, will swell enormously the balances abroad at the credit of the banks. In spite of numerous complaints of

the shortage of cars, recent statistics show that the grain movement eastward was the greatest on record, even exceeding that of the big years of 1905 and 1906. Mr. F. W. Thompson, vice-president and general manager of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, who has lately returned from the West, said that, although the railways are moving the crops out very rapidly at the present time, there will be enough grain left over after the close of navigation to keep the roads employed practically till the next crop is in sight. Mr. Thompson also made the statement that he believed the foreigner would have to come to Canada this season to fill his demands for wheat and flour. He estimates the money value of the crops in the three western provinces this year at \$125,000,000.

There has been no financial hitch occasioned by the heavy movement of these crops to the seaboard. We have not heard that any of the banks had occasion to resort to the issue of any emergency circulation to which they were entitled. The excellent market that has prevailed all along for Manitoba wheat helped the situation wonderfully, few dealers showing little disposition to hold their stuff. This, no doubt, accounts for the fact that the banks were enabled to finance the movement without asking the aid of the government to extend emergency circulation.

Owing to the near approach of the municipal elections, new issues of debentures are not likely to be very numerous during the remainder of the year. One of the best recent sales was of London, Ont., 4 1-2s. The price paid was 106.55, or on a 4.10 basis, as compared with the previous sale in June last, which was on a 4.562 basis. The prices of choice securities generally are firm, with a large number of investors willing to accept a return of 4 1-2 to 5 per cent. on undoubted collateral. The banks are lending money on bonds at 4 1-2 per cent., and on stocks at 5 per cent. It is not always a safe thing to make predictions as to the future of the money market, but considering present conditions we fail to see how rates can be advanced while banks have such large surpluses. One reason of the large surpluses is the inactivity in trade and commerce, but with the expected increase in commercial undertakings, a better tone to the money market would naturally ensue. Across the line the redundancy of the currency has created a speculative spirit on Wall Street, but thus far it has reached here. It may come, however, when the crazy speculation in Cobalts lets up some. With an expansion in trade, and an increase in stock speculation, the rates for money, no doubt, would improve.

The Mackay Companies securities have been more active this week, with prices the highest of the year, and over 30 points higher than a year ago for the common, and 17 points better for the preferred. The Canadian representation on the board has been strengthened by the election of Mr. H. Vincent Meredith, of Montreal, as one of the trustees. The other Canadian member of the board is Mr. R. A. Smith, of Osler & Hammond, this city. Reports are very encouraging, and the leading companies under control of the Mackays find business so satisfactory that an increase in the dividend on the common stock is a matter of only a short time. Rio de Janeiro has had a sharp recovery in price, but other Latin-American issues have been neglected, and show little change. This week's political news from Europe has been favorable, and consequently Canadian Pacific shares, which are largely held in Berlin, London and Paris have recovered from the decline caused by the Balkan troubles. The earnings of this road are showing good increases, owing chiefly to the grain movement. For the first week of October they were \$1,688,000, an increase of \$115,000, as compared with the corresponding week of last year. The Grand Trunk has not done quite as well.

In an address delivered at the annual convention of the Indiana Bankers' Association on Wednesday, Mr. Henry Clews, gave some good advice on United States banking and the tariff. He said, in part: We want a banking system not merely good for the banks, but "Pro bono publico"—good for the people of the entire country. Our rigid circulation fails to contract or to expand in response to the rise and fall in the legitimate wants of trade, and therefore, being always fully expanded, outside of the lock-up in the Sub-Treasuries, it fosters speculation instead of accommodating trade. Hence, when business is dull, we have too much currency, and when it is active, with speculation also active, we have too little. This has a tendency to stimulate exports of our gold; and the legal restrictions and requirements, as well as the delay incident to both taking out new National bank notes and redeeming old ones, operate against the efficiency and elasticity of our bank currency. But in a panic, under the new Emergency Currency Law, the banks would doubtless receive the emergency note issues with much greater celerity. The necessity for issuing any of these, may, however,

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of 2 1-2 per cent. (10 per cent. per annum) on the Paid Up Capital of the Bank, for the quarter ending 30th November, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on 1st December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 23rd to 30th November, both inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Head Office, Hamilton, on Monday, 18th January, 1909, at 12 o'clock noon. By order of the board.

J. TURNBULL,
General Manager.
Hamilton, 19th October, 1908.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

A deposit of \$1.00 or upwards starts a **SAVINGS ACCOUNT**

Interest paid four times a year. Money may be withdrawn without notice.

TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

The Rest Room in connection with the Women's Department of this Bank is for the use of visitors to the City as well as for our women customers. It is a pleasant place for meeting friends or holding a short business conference.

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\$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF **\$1.00**

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Interest compounded four times a year. No delay in withdrawal.

Capital Paid-up \$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits \$1,241,532.28

The Royal Bank of Canada
10 KING STREET EAST

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SPECIAL FEATURE**

The Room at the right of the vestibule in the Bank's new building has been reserved for the use of Savings Bank Customers.

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—TO— NEW YORK

THURSDAY, NOV. 19

\$15.50 TEN DAYS' LIMIT **\$15.50**
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THROUGH PULLMAN PARLOR AND SLEEPING CARS AND COACHES—THIRTEEN FAST TRAINS LEAVE BUFFALO VIA THE

New York Central R. R.

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 Capital Paid-Up - \$4,995,000.00
 Rest - \$4,995,000.00

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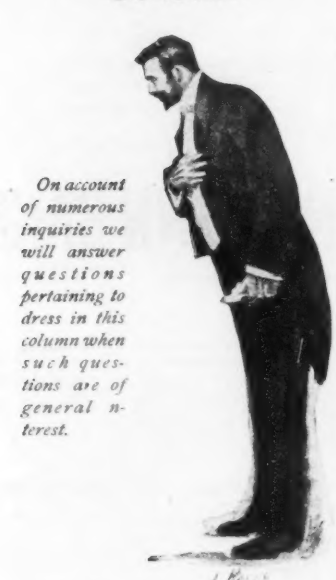
Head Office, Wellington Street and
 Leader Lane.
 Yonge and Queen Streets.
 Yonge and Bloor Streets.
 King and York Streets.
 West Market and Front Streets.
 King Street and Spadina Avenue.
 Bloor Street and Lansdowne Avenue.
 King and Sherbourne Streets.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed on deposits from date
 of deposit and credited quarterly.



King Edward Hotel
 Toronto



Which is correct, a black or a white tie with evening clothes?—B.A.C.

With formal evening clothes the only correct tie is the white—the black tie should not be worn. This should be self-tied and while rather large ties are at present in vogue the width varies from an inch and a half to two and a quarter, to suit personal taste.

With informal evening clothes (the tuxedo suit) the black tie is worn. A grey tie is also used, and, when accompanied by a grey waistcoat to match, the whole combination looks well and is correct.

On what occasions should a tuxedo suit be worn?—A.T.P.

A tuxedo suit is one that only a few have any use for, as the places where it can be worn correctly are few. It was designed for home, billiard and card parties, and intended exclusively for home use. Lately it has been considered all right for use around the club on informal evenings, but beyond such informal use it should not be worn and is quite out of place at the theatre, evening weddings or formal evening affairs of any kind.

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QUALITY

"SECOND"

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"THIRD"

SERVICE

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never arise. The delay in taking out new currency, and the difficulty in obtaining United States bonds to secure it, are particularly great obstacles in the way of any quick response to a demand, for additional bank notes, under the law as it stands.

This is, of course, more hurtful to banking and trade interests than the sharp limitation placed upon the redemption of these notes in any one month, for it prevents the prompt contraction that would naturally attend a reduced demand for money and declining rates of interest. So it leaves the banks with an excess of cash which they employ in call and time loans on stocks. Thus the law governing National bank currency tends to thwart the natural law of supply and demand.

These defects constitute a very serious evil, and the National Monetary Commission should weigh them well, and guard against them in their new measure. They should at the same time be careful not to provide a remedy worse than the disease, and also avoid impracticable provisions, and undue restrictions on banking. As to the tariff there is much to be said on both sides of the argument for and against protection, and it will be the subject of prolonged and heated debate in the special session of Congress that will be called after the 4th of March. Next, many men, many minds, and every change actually agreed upon will be the result of a compromise in both Houses of Congress. But a lowering of the present tariff is absolutely necessary to the welfare of our manufacturing interests and our foreign trade.

On the 24th of October, a time when the deposits of the New York Clearing House banks are usually near their lowest point, owing to the drain West and South to move the crops, they held this year \$1,418,132,000 of deposits against \$1,023,772,000 at the same time last year; while their loans aggregated \$1,338,426,900 against only \$1,087,711,000 last year. They held on the same date a reserve in specie and legal tender, of \$387,413,000 or \$32,880,000 of surplus reserve, making the ratio of reserve to deposits 27 1-2 per cent. This opulence of reserve, this abundance of resources is, in a lesser degree, participated in by the banks, generally, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The main feature of strength in the speculative situation on Wall Street, is in the heavy reserve carried by the banks. To be sure, the surplus of the New York institutions has been largely reduced during the past six weeks, but the \$31,000,000 reported last week is still over twice as much as the surplus held at the same time in any one of the past ten years. It is necessary to go back to 1894 to find the banks holding a bigger surplus reserve than at present, and that year, it will be remembered, was one of extreme and continued depression following the business panic of 1893. A large surplus reserve such as the banks now hold may be an indication of business inactivity, but it is a strong insurance against high money rates for a long time to come. Were the crop-cash demands still an unknown quantity, the surplus would not mean nearly so much. It has been shown now, however, that the Western banks are entirely able to finance their own needs this year. That leaves the surplus available for general use—there is no longer any danger of a sudden demand for cash from one section of the country which will deplete reserves relied on for other purposes.

The presidents of the trunk line railways have decided to hold another conference some time this month to take up the discussion of the proposed increase in freight rates, which, after many exchanges of views last summer, was postponed until this fall. What the outcome of this conference will be it is, of course, impossible to foretell. Some railroad executives who were opposed to an increase when the subject was first broached have come around to the opposite view, but on the other hand several who were neutral on the question earlier in the year are now inclined to take a stand against any increase. Railway officials themselves admit that no reliable forecast can be made of the probable outcome of the meeting. Some of the most powerful roads have not yet defined their position regarding the proposed increase. When the matter was under discussion last summer it became known that the Pennsylvania Railroad among others, had not taken any definite stand either for or against an increase, and this is understood to be still true of the Pennsylvania. The New York Central lines, on the other hand, have been openly allied with the group of railroads desiring a rate advance, and the influence of these lines will count for much in the general discussion to be had at the coming meeting of trunk line executives.

Contrasting the proposed Georgian Bay Canal, to the construction of which Sir Wilfrid Laurier has committed himself, with the Lakes-to-Gulf deep waterway as a rival, the Philadelphia Record says:

"Rivalry between the two projects, however, need not be conceived as mutually destructive. On the contrary, the homely adage that competition is the life of trade applies in this instance as in almost every imaginable case. Every added facility promotes the development of new regions and the exploitation of neglected, because inaccessible, sources of wealth. If nature had provided this continent with a dozen broad and deep streams running from the center to the circumference we would not close up a part of them, even though two or more ran parallel and near together. We would use them all and thank Providence for its blessing. In the great future to which America can look forward none of the artificial waterways and improved rivers, whereby the vigorous nations of the New World intend to correct the deficiencies of nature, will be superfluous. Each will be the complement of, and each will bring traffic to, all the others. We should recognize in the Canadian project a help and not an obstruction to our commercial growth."

Mrs. Asquith, wife of the British prime minister, has long been one of King Edward's literary advisers. After His Majesty came back to Marlborough House from taking part in the procession at the first jubilee, he sat down and wrote a line to the then Margot Tennant, to thank her for her recommendation of some amusing new book. "I have just returned," he wrote, "from taking part in the jubilee service of this wonderful, unforgettable day." Mrs. Asquith keeps that letter with other treasured ones in a volume covered with emerald-green calf.

**"SAY!"**

SAY, sellin' papers is a funny game!

This bunch I got looks pretty much the same. They act quite chummy, lyin' in a pile; But if they each had legs they'd run a mile So's not to touch, an' then s'pose they could say Out loud what's printed in 'em, gee! I'd pay A lot to be there an' to see the fun; They'd all be tore to pieces 'fore they'd done.

I useter think that if them chaps what wrote Them red-hot front-page panels every night Should ever meet, there'd be some trouble quick; That they'd begin to thump an' bite an' kick Each other till they both was black an' blue, But, on the level, that aint what they do. I seen two at this corner 'other day; One from down there meets one from 'cross the way

The chap from down there says, "How are you, Nat?" An' slips an arm through his—say, think o' that! An' Nat, he says, "Jack, here a good cigar," Then they both laughs, an', 'stead of knockin' tar Out of each other, like I thought they'd do, They walks on peaceable as me an' you. Yep, both of 'em writes that there first-page stuff— Say, ain't them paper fellers good at bluff?

You don't believe that's straight? Say, look-a-here, I kind o' thought myself that it was queer, 'Cause what them fellers just across the street Say 'bout the other crowd is somethin' sweet. If any guy should talk that way of me, He'd have some trouble comin' to him—Gee! I kind o' wondered to myself las' night, Was that cigar doped up with dynamite?

A. SHERWOOD HART.

Napoleon Loved Singing.

NAPOLEON has been described as almost a music hater. A recent writer put him at the very foot of the list of modern rulers so far as appreciation or even toleration of music was concerned.

Now comes an English denial of the slander. In The Gentlewoman it is admitted that the musical tastes of "the Corsican ogre" were not elevated. But for all that he loved singing so much that many a time after a concert he ordered the vocalists to come to the palace and sing before him and the Empress Josephine.

A curious anecdote is told of his brusque manner of dealing with artists. One night at a concert at the Tuileries while Dupont, the famous violinist, was performing a solo, the Emperor suddenly entered. His Majesty nodded his head approvingly and when the piece was finished said to Dupont:

"How the deuce do you manage to keep that instrument so motionless?" and taking up the 'cello he tried to jam it between his spurred boots.

Poor Dupont nearly fainted when he saw his treasure treated like a war horse. For several minutes he looked on, trembling from head to foot. At last, however, he darted forward and called out "Sir!" in such pathetic tones that the Emperor handed him back the instrument.

Dupont thereupon showed how the instrument was held, but every time his imperial master extended his hand to attempt to do it himself Dupont threw himself back in alarm, till finally, Josephine whispered something to her husband, who burst out laughing and put an end to the 'cello lesson.

Boy Built His Own Auto.

PRICE COWAN, a Los Angeles boy, 15 years of age, has just completed the construction of a real automobile. He calls it the California Midget.

It is built upon principles similar to those of the factory made cars and is capable, demonstrated by actual tests, of skimming over the road at twenty-five to thirty miles an hour.

It has also climbed hills of 30 per cent. grade, according to the Technical World, and has carried three passengers over ordinary roads.

The car is six feet in length and weighs about 300 pounds. It is provided with a 3 horse-power engine, has a friction transmission and a double chain drive. It has a three-foot tread, with nine speeds forward and three on the reverse.

The machine is air cooled; the battery control is through an electric light switch and the differential operates successfully. There are external brakes on the rear wheels, and the machine is otherwise fully equipped throughout.

Aside from the engine, the machine was built entirely by the boy—and even the engine had to be rebuilt to conform with some of the peculiarities of the automobile's makeup. His other purchases consisted only of rods, wire, nails, pine boards, a few castings and such material, even the wheels representing his workmanship. The latter are equipped with motorcycle tires.

Henry W. Lucy, one of the best known of British journalists, is publishing his reminiscences in The Cornhill Magazine, and he relates a singular story of table-turning. Together with three companions he sat down, with hands outstretched, round a small table and waited. Soon the table began to gyrate, and the experimenters put the usual questions as to the identity of the animating spirit. The table paid no attention to the others, but when it came Mr. Lucy's turn to ask the questions and recite the alphabet, the table spelled out the name of Charles Dickens, then four years dead. The spirit directed Mr. Lucy to call upon Charles Dickens the younger, then editor of Household Words, saying that Mr. Lucy would find him friendly. Mr. Lucy did so, found Charles Dickens, Jr., exceedingly friendly, received a commission from him for an article, and a very handsome check afterwards.

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Its record, experience and strength constitute it an unusually safe Depository for savings, and its Debentures have long held a very high place in the estimation of those conservative, cautious investors, both in Great Britain and Canada, who prefer absolute safety to a high rate of interest. They are a Legal Investment for Trust Funds, and are accepted by the Canadian Government as the Deposit required to be made by Insurance Companies, etc.

We shall be glad to send you a specimen Debenture, a copy of our last Annual Report, and full particulars, on receipt of your address. Write for them to-day.

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Because it keeps the natural warmth of the body in and the colder air of the winter out. That is why you can wear much lighter underwear if it is JAEGER Pure Wool.

Made in all sizes and styles for men, women and children.

Guaranteed against shrinkage.

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"Special Liqueur"

is the Finest Whisky in the World!

HP SAUCE

THE EPICURE'S CHOICE

The sauce that is rich, thick, fruity and altogether delicious.

H. P. is quite different from any other Sauce or Relish.

The letters H. P. and illustration of the Houses of Parliament appear on every bottle of genuine H. P.

All Grocers sell H.P.

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"TID-BIT PICKLES"

The Piece de Resistance.

PACKED IN TWELVE VARIETIES

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Michie's Teas are regular in their superior quality and flavor.

The English Breakfast Blends at 40c. lb. and 50c. lb. are favorites, but there is variety to suit all tastes.

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Is not artificially charged with gas (carbonated) as are some ales, but is allowed to mature in the natural way. Not pasteurized, it retains the delicate flavor and aroma of the hops and malt. Taken before meals, it stimulates the appetite and prevents constipation.

PURE WHOLESOME PALATABLE BEVERAGE

Remember.

Whether naturally perfect or not, your teeth require daily care, and will well repay the regular use of.

Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder.

15 cts. at your druggists. For trial sample send 2 ct. stamp to F. C. CALVERT & CO., 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.



Dunlop Solid Rubber Carriage Tires

Make smoother riding, safer driving, and put the finishing touch of elegance on a rig. Wear like iron on all ordinary roads; prevent sliding and skidding on wet, greasy pavements.

The Dunlop trade mark, the two hands, is a guarantee of quality in rubber.

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NOTES FROM NEW YORK



BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 9, 1908.

THE Horse Show is holding the centre of the stage this week, social and otherwise, and from present indications this year's event is likely to prove one of the most successful in the history of the National Association. A brilliant success socially, it already is. Last year the Show had the misfortune to clash with the opening of the Metropolitan opera season. This year it had the undivided attention of New York's Four Hundred and odd. Dame Fashion has also no doubt had more or less to do with society's renewed interest this year, for when, since Eden, have her decrees so enhanced the charms of woman-kind as this season? The slender insinuating grace of these *directoire* figures under a panoply of French hat—but a truce to confessions. Besides, this is a trespass in the natural preserves of the social editor. It is all a trifle hard on the horse, of course, whose show it presumably is, but protest, as they also have learned from former experience, is futile.

Some agreeable changes have been made in the interior decorations of the Arena. For instance: instead of the customary orange and black scheme of color throughout, the winning colors, blue, red, yellow and white, have been combined, with very happy results. The lighting has also been greatly improved, and the judicious placing of urns and plants has removed the look of barrenness that prevailed in former years.

THE OUTLOOK has "blazed" Mr. Roosevelt's path to the editorial chair, with due regard to the prodigious figure he has cut in national affairs. Paragraphers and cartoonists are naturally making merry over a situation unique in journalism, but that is their privilege. The importance of the part the President has played in certain phases of our social evolution will be conceded even by those who do not go the length of The Outlook's admiring claim of "world leader." But the big note had to be struck, if the transition from the high office of President of the United States to a place on its editorial staff was to be successfully accomplished. Even at that the task held grave diplomatic difficulties; but every fair-minded person will admit that, considering the temptation, The Outlook has performed the feat with a charming degree of modesty and self-restraint.

Mr. Roosevelt, with less reason for a show of modesty, no doubt saw to his end of the advance notice, and it is more than likely O.K.'d the proofs before the announcement was made public. This paragraph would particularly please him:

"The history of the world," says Hegel, "is none other than the progress of the consciousness of Freedom." Ever since its birth, in 1870, The Outlook has been endeavoring to interpret current history in the spirit of this definition. We count ourselves very happy in being promised in this work the co-operation of an American so eminent in the essential qualities of leadership as Theodore Roosevelt—high ideals, extraordinary quickness and largeness of vision, the long look ahead, a consistent and progressive political philosophy, practical wisdom in applying the great principles to present and prospective conditions, unflinching good humor, faith in God and in his fellow-men, and always indomitable and unquestioned courage."

As the periodical in question is paying the price, it has in all equity, a right to the self-congratulation in which it asks the public to share.

THE PILGRIMS' dinner to Lord Northcliffe, of the London Times, the other night at Delmonico's, was a brilliant affair, about 250 men, prominent in finance, politics, science and journalism assembling to do honor to this eminent British journalist. President Roosevelt and Mark Twain were the most noted absentees, the latter sending this characteristic telegram:

"I am sorry, indeed, that I cannot be at the Pilgrims' dinner to Lord Northcliffe, whom I hold in high esteem and friendly regard. I ask him to forget for a moment that he is a legislator and join me in a health to the sacred memory of that great Englishman who, on this day 303 years ago, tried to blow up a Parliament which was meditating a limitation of copyright, but was defeated by the mistaken interference of a Providence more interested in spectacular mercy than in plain, square justice."

Except for a sympathetic reference to Mr. Hermann Ridder, treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, who was present, and Colonel Harvey's happy observation that "it was easier for a President to become an editor than for an editor to be President," politics were omitted.

Lord Northcliffe's speech was particularly happy, the "object of the Pilgrims," as he understood it, "being especially directed toward the cultivation of an unwritten friendship between the inhabitants of the United States and of the British Empire." "There have been times," he added, humorously, "when from the point of view of John Bull we would have felt happier if, instead of the Pilgrims landing on Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Rock had landed on the Pilgrims." In agreeable after dinner mood his lordship, of course, distrusted the customary compliments, blending very successfully the serious and humorous note.

THE severe sentence imposed upon Charles W. Morse, ex-financier and magnate, is another grim warning against the sin of failure. Yesterday, the convicted man was hailed as a king in the financial world. Other kings, holding office by the same tenure as he, feasted at his table and drank his wines. It must have been common knowledge among them that his financial operations, involving fabulous sums, were assisted more or less by the funds of the banks he controlled. The practice is common in their circles. They knew, too, that a federal statute expressly forbids the practice. And they also knew that the law was winked at by common consent, and that the term, "false entry," ugly as it sounds in an indictment, is a common device for evading this law.

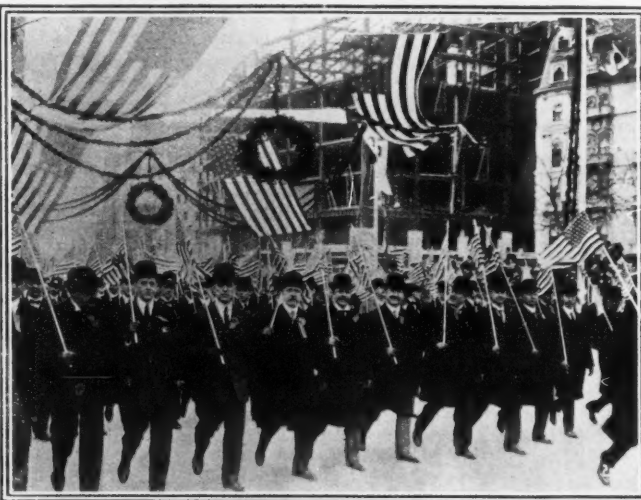
ute expressly forbids the practice. And they also knew that the law was winked at by common consent, and that the term, "false entry," ugly as it sounds in an indictment, is a common device for evading this law.

The system is perfect until it fails. It is not even suggested that Morse differed in his methods from some of his contemporaries in high finance, whom we are still asked to respect, on both sides of the line. He is a convict to-day because failure uncovered his methods. He is found out. The sentence is, of course, intended to be exemplary, and it is earnestly hoped that it may be. No one will dispute the wisdom or the justice of a law that forbids private speculations with trust funds. But neither can one overlook that both the law and the example would prove more potent if condemnation were not limited to unsuccessful manipulators.

If Morse is a criminal, so are half "the Street." To distinguish between the two classes is demagoguery of the worst kind. Unfortunately the trial just ended is not free from this taint. On the contrary, a spirit of concession to the demagogue was exemplified in many ways—in the time set for the trial, for instance; in the vigor with which it was prosecuted at a crises in our political affairs; and in the heroic effort to get a verdict in time to influence the vulgar passions of the electorate. And if anything more were needed to prove its appeal to that spirit, the reception of the verdict in court, and the jeering crowd that followed the prisoner to the Tombs supply it.

The spectacular administration of justice, sometimes witnessed on this side, from the White House down, is a sad commentary on the institutions of this country. Between the law, or the administration of law, that invokes passion, and lynch law, there is little to choose.

MR. TAFT'S election is having the promised effect on the business community. Everywhere in industrial and trade circles a distinctly better feeling prevails, and his speech of assurance the other day has tended to



POLITICAL ENTHUSIASM IN NEW YORK

In his last letter our correspondent referred to the remarkable proportions of the Republican parade in New York on the eve of the election. The accompanying photograph shows the procession in progress. 30,000 men were in line, and many of them stood for six hours waiting for their divisions to move. To Canadians the election parade seems one of the most remarkable features of United States elections. New York is rather busier than Toronto, but who could imagine thousands of busy men in this city giving up a whole day to a parade and walking through the streets for miles in order to impress observers with the strength of a party?

increase confidence in the sobriety and sanity of his administration. No doubt Mr. Taft owes at least half his vote to Roosevelt adherents, but it is equally true that the other half came to him because temperamentally and in every other respect he is the antithesis of his great predecessor.

Ex-Governor Black, of New York, who made the speech nominating Roosevelt four years ago, was, however, the only public speaker who had the courage (or was indiscreet enough) to voice the sentiments of this other half during the campaign. This speech, made in a semi-academic atmosphere a few days before the election, notwithstanding the storm it raised, was a call to sobriety, and had the quality and strength of a needed recession. Here is one or two stinging sentences: "We have belabored wealth until there is no phrase known to incontinent speech we have not applied to it. Reaction has become a hardly less ferocious word than treason."

Speaking of his own party, he said: "My veneration and regard for that party are not weakened by the temporary embarrassments in which it now appears. I prophesy that its future will be no less brilliant than its past. The unsteadiness of the present will pass away and it will again become the party of order and sobriety." "I, as one self-respecting citizen of this great country, resent the imputation that I did not understand years and years ago the meaning and the value of virtue, courage and integrity." "An even temper, a balanced mind, a level sense of justice, and a continuing courage can be trusted not to reach conclusions distorted or grotesque." "We do not need further excitement; we need rest. There are millions of people and hundreds of interests that have not had a long breath in several years. We have been on the double quick so long that to many the prospect of camp for the night seems like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

WE have had two interesting additions to our theatrical fare this past week, "The World and His Wife" and "Via Wireless," but an extended account will have to be left over. The present week brings us two further offerings, both, in prospect, at least, of considerable interest. "Lady Frederick," a comedy by W. Somerset Maugham, in which Miss Ethel Barrymore will play the leading role, is one; and "Blue Grass," a new play by Paul Armstrong is the other.

J. E. W.

The Montreal Star has this to say on the subject of doing business with John Bull: There are two things which should never be mixed in the dealings between Canada and the Motherland, and these are politics and business. When we are doing business with the "Britisher"—to use a clumsy phrase, often employed for lack of a better—we should do business. The Canadian article must be better than the foreign article if we ask that it command the home market. It is altogether unfair and foolish to expect that John Bull will buy and eat small or decayed apples because they are grown under the British flag. He feels more inclined to condemn their presence on the market the more severely because they bring discredit on the British people.

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- Great improvements have been introduced in this line of late—and we are ready to show you all of them.
- It will soon be time to think about Christmas Gifts—Remember that this is Headquarters for OPERA GLASSES.

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AT THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW
The prize-winning cut of large chrysanthemums at the great Flower Show in the St. Lawrence Arena, Toronto, this week, given by the Ontario Horticultural Society. The show is as promised, a veritable fairyland of fruit and flowers.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE Grenadiers Chapter I.O.D.E. held their third annual dance in the Temple ballroom on Wednesday evening, and never has a gayer crowd of stalwarts and their ladies enjoyed a long and enthusiastically danced programme. Colonel and Mrs. Gooderham, Captain and Miss Gooderham, Miss Blackstock, Mr. and Miss Jean Alexander, Mrs. and the Misses Adam Wright, Dr. George Ryerson, Dr. and Mrs. McGillivray, Captain Heron, Captain Lindsay, R.C.I. Major and Mrs. Porter, Dr. and Mrs. Macpherson, Major and Mrs. Brock, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Major Mason, Miss Baines, Mrs. and Miss Burke of Amherstburg, who are stopping at Deancroft, Miss Patti Warren, Miss Anna Lake, Mr. Morton, Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Johnston, were a very few of those who came to the Grenadier Chapter I.O.D.E. dance. The regimental band gave splendid music, and a light supper was served in the room set apart for refreshments. The dance was a great success.

Grace Darling Chapter I.O.D.E. had a most delightful dance at Deancroft last night, when Mrs. Albert Gooderham and her daughter, Miss Charlotte Gooderham, made everyone most welcome in their own cordial way.

Mrs. Reginald Pellatt will receive for the first time since her marriage on Monday next at her home, 561 Sherbourne street, and on the first and second Monday of December.

Mrs. J. Allen Murray will receive for the first time since her marriage next Monday, with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Jack Murray, 170 Jarvis street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cruso have taken up house at 38 Borden street.

Mrs. Cattanaich, who returned from abroad last week, will receive on Monday at 26 Park road.

Mr. and Mrs. James Grace are at the Queen's for the winter.

Mrs. Cawthra Mulock was the hostess for tea at the O.S.A. Galleries yesterday (Friday) afternoon. The exhibition of Applied Arts has been most successful since its Private View was given this day week.

Mrs. Frank Cochrane is giving a tea to present her daughter Edith, on Nov. 18, in the Speaker's Chambers, and a house dance for young people later on.

The engagement of Miss Eleanor Phillips, daughter of Mr. Frank Phillips, Queen's Park, and Mr. George T. Irving, was announced last week. Their marriage takes place on Nov. 25.

Another engagement, the last to be recorded in a certain family, will shortly be announced between one of the prettiest of the younger set of girls, and a clever and attractive young man, of whom everyone says a good word.

In answer to a correspondent I might say that the "American" fashion of leaving one's visiting card on the day of the tea one attends is not adopted in the best circles in Toronto. I have occasionally seen a card or two lying on the most convenient roosting place, as I went in or out, but it is only an intermittent spam. Except to remind the hostess of whom she had welcomed I cannot see any excuses for this reckless waste of pasteboard.

Mrs. Kerr Osborne of Clover Hill received on Tuesday for the first time this season, when many of her friends who have missed her during her long absence abroad, called to welcome her home. Mrs. Osborne left her little daughter in England, where the climate agrees with her.

Mrs. Oliver Adams of Glen Road gave a very smart and delightful dance for the young friends of her debutante daughter, Miss Helen, on Friday evening, November 6, in McConkey's, where the ballroom looked prettier than ever, and the sitting-out suite down stairs more cosy, if possible, after so long an interval of disuse for large dances. The debutante is one of the prettiest of this year's garden of girls, and showed the rarer qualities of head and heart which go to make the successful hostess, by looking with great care and observation after all her friends and seeing that partners were had for all. The happy fact of men being in the majority kept the debutantes dancing like mad all the evening, last year's beauties equally busy, and even the four or five older folk who kept the hostess company in her cosy corner went frisking round gaily with some gallant but disengaged beau. Mrs. Adams wore a *vieux rose* gown with white lace and trimmings, and Miss Helen a charming white frock, while at each dance she appeared with a different bouquet, roses, violets, lilies, orchids, being in turn chosen

from a tableful sent by her friends in honor of her coming out. Miss Emily Adams wore a pale green princess gown with silver trimmings, and Miss Augustine an equally pretty dress of white. The slight graceful sisters three were admired very much at this dance. Two debutantes who had their first flutter on Friday were Miss Pigott, daughter of Mr. R. S. Pigott, and Miss Mills, daughter of Mr. G. G. Mills, a near neighbor in Glen Road of Mr. and Mrs. Adams. The former is a dear little girl, full of merry life and vivacity, who wore a red frock, and the latter a young Hebe, with dark hair and fine eyes, who wore a rich white gown and a trail of tiny white flowers in her shining coiffure. Mr. and Mrs. Mills and Mr. and Mrs. Willie George were good friends and neighbors of the hostess who enjoyed being with her at the dance and also at the table of honor at supper. Everyone supped together in the cafe at twelve o'clock, and everyone seemed hungry and happy. Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Jr., were at the *table d'honneur*, the lady in a very dainty white satin gown, with *cafe-au-lait* lace on berthe. Mrs. Mills wore a handsome black gown, and Mrs. George a very rich pale-tinted brocade with handsome lace. The dance was kept up with spirit until a late hour, the splendid music lending wings to young feet that did not seem to know what fatigue meant.

At the Grenadiers Chapter I.O.D.E. dance on Wednesday, which was held in the beautiful Temple ballroom, a huge attendance of the non-coms, their wives and sweethearts and several members of the other city regiments, one brave Kiltie, the famous bugler of the Body Guard, Williams, who blew the charge at Paardeburg, and Dr. Fletcher of the Queen's Own Rifles, being among them. Some of the smart gowns were Mrs. Brock's wine-colored satin with white lace, Mrs. Burke's apple green silk, Miss Burke's palest pink crepe de soie, Miss Charlotte Gooderham's striped white and stone blue silk, Miss Blackstock's pretty white gown, Miss Patti Warren's white lace gown, Miss Baines' delicate pink with wide insertions, Mrs. Macpherson's black silk and lace, Mrs. Johnston's neat white and black gown, Mrs. Bruce's beautiful lace over white satin, Mrs. Gooderham's smart peacock blue gown, with a corsage clasp in the shape of a diamond peacock plume, with the "eye" in fine enamel. A great many fresh and pretty faces were in the happy looking crowd, and it was good to see the cordial way in which officers and men got along together, the former dancing with the friends of the men, and their wives having a very pleasant time with the non-coms, and their friends. At supper time, Mrs. Gooderham led the way with Sergeant-Major Johnston, and Colonel Gooderham followed with Mrs. Johnston. The officers and their ladies had a special table done with red roses. The lemonade table was set in the ballroom.

A few among this week's teas occurring too late for detailed mention are Mrs. Cotton's, for her daughter Marguerite's coming out; Mrs. A. Orr Hastings' at McConkey's; Mrs. Edward Fisher's, Mrs. J. Tower Boyd's for her daughter's debut; Mrs. Alexander Davidson's, for Miss Mary's coming out; Mrs. George Grau's small tea, and several others at the end of the week.

Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis is giving a dance for her debutante daughter, Miss Beatrice Jarvis, at McConkey's on Friday, November 20. I noticed the bright little debutante enjoying herself hugely at Mrs. Adams' dance last week.

Mrs. Reynolds and her sister, Mrs. Lockhart Watt, are giving a tea at Mrs. Watt's home, 16 Scarth road, Rosedale, on next Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Douglas Burns is giving a young folks' tea on Thursday, November 19, at her home in Hawthorne avenue, for her debutante daughter, Miss Kathleen Eleanor Burns.

The number of guests invited to the marriage of Miss Eleanor Phillips and Mr. George T. Irving will not be large, only intimate friends being asked. It will be recalled that a similar rule was observed at Mrs. Dwight Turner's happy wedding, when it was entirely a young people's day. Owing to the bride's large family connection, and also the bridegroom elect's large acquaintance and popularity in club circles, it is as well that the limitation of the invitations to intimate friends and relatives should be distinctly understood.

Miss Mabel Beddoe, who has been enjoying much success in vocal music in Germany and has received great praise from the critics, has recently suffered a severe illness, and will take a year's rest from her studies in Dresden, which she will spend with her people here. Doubtless her native air and the kind attentions of her many friends will quite restore this popular and clever songstress.

The marriage of Miss Gertrude Pape and Mr. George J. Aust, of London, Ont., is announced to take place on Monday, Nov. 16, in Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. H. T. MacDonald (formerly Christina Davidson) receives for the first time this afternoon, at 32 Alexander street.

Bandmaster Waldron postponed his trip to England in order to be here to conduct the R. G. band at the I.O.D.E. dance last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross MacKinnon are *en pension* at 592 Jarvis street, where Mrs. MacKinnon will receive next Monday.

The recital of song to be given by Mr. Marley R. Sherris, November 21, in Conservatory Hall, will be patronized by Mrs. A. S. Vogt, Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, Mrs. G. W. Watts, Mrs. J. D. Tyrrell, Miss Curlette, Mrs. R. S. Pigott and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman.

Rev. G. M. Mackenzie, D.D., of Brantford, was in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith gave a dinner for Lady de Hochepeid Larpent, on Thursday evening, at the Grange.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Hodgins will celebrate their golden wedding on November 22. Mrs. Hodgins has sent out cards for a reception at half-past four on that day.

Invitations were out for the St. Andrew's Ball on Thursday.

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113 1/2 WEST KING STREET

A COMPLEXION LIKE THE ROSE



'Mid the snows—and with no powder on your nose, or your cheeks, isn't that something worth having and something worth trying for? A woman's complexion and hair are her greatest charms, and this store helps her with both.

UNDERSTANDING

Is the great factor in beautifying the complexion. Without it, you may spend a fortune for advertised creams and lotions, and injure your skin. With it, you can make your face truly a thing of beauty at a hardly noticeable cost.

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NEXT YONGE STREET ARCADE

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Phones Main 1708 and Main 1709.
VAULTS—71, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Yonge Street, and 2, 5, 6 and 8, King Street East.

With all his ability, Premier Asquith does not lie upon a bed of roses, for has he not Mr. Balfour in Opposition—"A. J. B."—readiest of debaters and smartest of retorters? Mr. Balfour seems never to rest. He is always "at" the Government, worrying it and perplexing it, and those who imagine that he might be somewhat restrained by tender recollections of the days when he was himself Prime Minister are quite mistaken.

Yet, for all his "heckling" propensities, Mr. Balfour does not like to be disturbed himself, and one day, when he was playing in a foursome, he was quite put off his game by a spectator, who had an irritating cackle of a cough. The man always contrived to give his wheeze full play just as Mr. Balfour was about

to make a long drive or an important putt, and the player could not, in consequence, do a thing right. But the ready wit of Mr. Balfour's Highland caddie sent the unwelcome witness scurrying from the links. Turning slowly round upon the group of onlookers, the caddie asked, with a great show of politeness:

"Can any o' you oblige this gentleman wi' a jujube?"

"Would you give up your seat to a woman in a car?" "How do I know? Never had a seat yet myself."—Exchange.

"It takes a baby mos' two years to learn to talk," said Uncle Eben, "an den it takes de res' of its lifetime to learn to keep f'm talkin' too much."

New Styles in Finger Purses

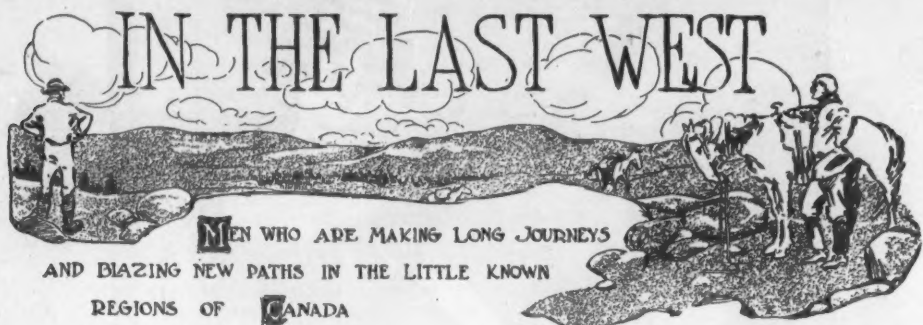
with strap handles at back. We are making these in all the new fancy leathers for this season. Prices from \$1 to \$6.

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Kerkoff's Djer-Kiss

(Pronounced Dear Kiss) the most refined and artistic of all. A dainty fragrance so subtle it is difficult to trace its source. Violette Kerkoff is of equal quality and has the natural scent of fresh violets. Kerkoff's Sachet, Face Powder, Toilet Water, and Toilet Soap come in either Djer-Kiss or Violet odors.

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THE rush for homestead lands in the West has been brisk during the past month. E. F. Stephenson, Dominion Land Agent, at Winnipeg, said the other day that 755 entries had been made in his district alone during October. Mr. Stephenson points out that a good many people who seek homesteads are uninformed as to the new regulations concerning entries. In this connection he has this to say:

"A number of parties desiring to enter for land have sent in the sum of \$10, together with their application by mail. Now, we cannot accept entry under such conditions. It can only be made by the applicant appearing in person at the local offices, or by proxy under certain conditions. Entry can be made by proxy, one member of a family acting for another, as, for instance, a father for a son, or vice versa, a sister for a brother, or a wife for a husband."

"An agent may reserve an available quarter section of land for a minor over seventeen years of age, until he is eighteen, under certain conditions, which include the necessity of the father or mother, or the adult sister or brother appearing with the applicant at the land office at which it is desired to make the entry."

"There is another important fact which might be well to point out. Under the old act a homesteader had the option of either cultivating fifteen acres of land, of which ten had to be cropped, or this could be substituted in place of cultivation with twenty head of stock. Now the patent to the land can only be earned under the present existing act by cultivation."

"A homesteader who resides on his homestead is required to break a total of at least thirty acres of the homestead of which twenty acres must be cropped before applying for patent. A reasonable proportion of cultivation must be done each year. In the case of homesteads difficult to break, by reason of scrub, the area of cultivation required may be decreased at the discretion of the Department, in accordance with the character of the land."

"A homesteader is allowed six months from the date of his entry within which to perfect the same by taking possession of the land and beginning his residence duties in connection therewith. Any entry not so perfected within the period is liable to cancellation."

"The changes mentioned above have been in effect since June 1 last, and hold good in connection with homesteads entered for since that date."

ARTHUR STRINGER, the well-known Canadian writer, now a resident in New York, who recently returned from a trip through the West, says:

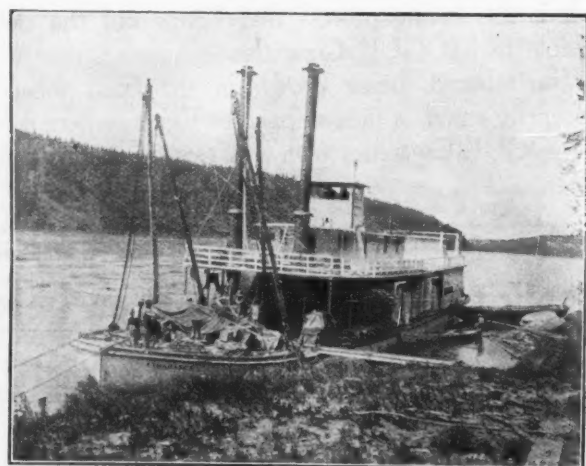
No man can make such a journey from tidewater to tidewater, without feeling proud of being a Canadian. The changes I saw all about me, since my last trip of about ten years ago, are truly stupendous. The building of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the opening up of the new wheat fields, the inrush of well-to-do settlers, the countless new towns that are freckling the prairies, the phenomenal expansion of the older railway points, all combine to make the sense of change a startling one.

Winnipeg is now a kind of Chicago of the Northwest, taking to skyscrapers and carriages with crests. Vancouver is a seaport with the steamers of a dozen nationalities churning in and out of its crowded Inlet. Edmonton, once the wooden-sidewalked jumping-off place of civilization, is now a bustling metropolis in the midst of fat grain lands and prosperous farms, in the first florescent pride of a provincial capital and a forthcoming railway centre. Calgary, which, ten years ago was little more than a scattered town along the banks of the bluest river that ever ran seaward, is now a compact city, reaching out tentacles into the surrounding ranchland, and once more insisting on New York prices for every foot of its main street lots.

Cities, it seems to me, have their personalities, their distinctive characteristics, just as individuals have. Some towns appeal to one person,

and some to another. But Calgary, it seems to me, is what I venture to call the most "livable" city of all the Northwest. There are a good many Calgarians who will also call it the most promising. They point to the winter wheat that is now grown almost at its threshold, and the beautiful grey building stone, that can be dug out of its suburban hills, and the river that sings and flashes and dances by at its feet, and the lofty foothills now crowned and crowded with houses, and the factory chimneys that stipple its east-end, and the railways that have been or are to be built into its precincts, and the coalbeds that lie so close at hand, awaiting the pick and shovel. They have none of the monotony of the prairie; they can look from their open doors on the glory of the white-capped Rockies, or they can take an evening train up to Banff, the loveliest spot in all America, from Palm Beach to Melville Island.

They have the periodic blessing of the balm-bearing "Chinook," and a climate that makes the East seem old and grey. Their city is a second Denver, without the aridness that makes Denver a somewhat anaemic step-daughter of irrigation. And they believe in themselves. This be-



HUDSON'S BAY CO. STR. "ATHABASCA" Up at the Head of the Grand Rapids, Athabasca River.

lief is so forced home on you, that you begin to agree with them that in ten years its true Calgary will be the fifth city in the Dominion. You shake your head and say: "Yes, there's no denying that Winnipeg must depend on its grain alone, since it has neither coal nor water-power for manufacturing." You don't deny that Edmonton isn't considerably nearer the frost-belt, or that Vancouver isn't a little too old-world and settled, and rainwashed to quite suit you! For the rivalry between these towns is open and active. It is the rivalry of sturdy youth, of youth that implicitly believes in itself.

The one persistent impression after such a trip as mine is the value of optimism as a national asset. I mean by this that feeling which is the reverse of the "panic" feeling of Wall Street, which occasionally, and for no actual or appreciable reason, suddenly cuts the heart out of the "market." It is little more than a mental attitude, yet it swings millions on its moods. Well, the entire Canadian West most forcibly reminded me of the value of this psychological idea. They believe in themselves and their country, and you can't shake their faith in either. You can't say it's altogether due to the altitude and the clear skies. You can't altogether blame it on the wonderful crops and the return of prosperity which you see about you. It's something purely of the spirit. It's a sort of communal Christian science which forbids thought to dwell on such evils as early frost, or hail storm or drought, or railway strike and tight money market. The Westerner insists on optimism. He exhales it, and infects you with it, almost against your will. You say goodbye to him, feeling that you've left a man who can't be downed, no matter how he's bludgeoned by fate.

THIS incident is said to have occurred at the recent exhibition at Victoria. The scene was the main building at the exhibition. The dra-

matic personae were a well known Victorian, who takes a special interest in the Tranquille sanatorium, and two farmers, who might have hailed from any place. They were looking at the fruit, and one of the farmers, referring to the Tranquille display, said:

"I'm told that they have to irrigate the land there to get good results."

His farmer friend smiled and said: "Irrigate, you mean."

But the Victorian man said: "No, irrigate's the word; for the more you irrigate it with cultivation the better fruit you grow."

Moderate irrigation and abundant irrigation, remarks the Victoria Colonist, after hearing and printing the story, would make many valleys in British Columbia blossom like the rose.

IT is reported that that odd character, Honore Jaxon, of Riel Rebellion fame, intends to run as an independent candidate in the deferred Prince Albert election.

An American paper commenting recently upon the possibility that Mr. Jaxon might be a candidate in the present Canadian elections, stated that there was some doubt as to Mr. Jaxon's nationality, claiming that

norance of Empire are ready to the lips of most Canadians.

The general charge is proved, and Mr. Kipling's line, "What do they know of England who only England know?" is hackneyed largely because its truth is everywhere acknowledged. The Cabinet to-day, perhaps, would not make a great display if it pooled its personal knowledge of Greater Britain. But it is none the less true that one of the greatest changes in British politics has been the desire to increase knowledge of the colonies. Not so many years ago Palmerston boasted of his need for a map to see if it could help him to identify places as big as a continent. A separate Colonial Office is only fifty-four years old, and Mr. Chamberlain was the first great man to recognize the office of Colonial Secretary as one of the proudest that a minister could hold. His visit to South Africa and Uganda has proved one of the most fruitful of examples for future statesmen. His wide experience of travel was one of Mr. Winston Churchill's passports to office and members of the Labor Party have penetrated to the Antipodes in the search for political qualification.

We are, after all, well on the way to the fulfilment of General Pole-Carew's ideal. In one department of Government it is already fulfilled. The great pro-consuls are for the most part appointed because their time has been spent in studying the Empire privately or as officials. Lord Curzon was a great student of the East before he became Viceroy, and Lord Milner and Lord Cromer have been nurtured on early experience of Greater Britain.

But the question arises whether it is the wisest plan to keep these Governors busy for the better part of their life out of Great Britain. Some, no doubt, return to give breadth and knowledge to the Ministry; but men over-long busied in the work of personal government of huge countries are apt, when they retire after long service, to hold aloof from "the mutations and unrest" of British politics. Lord Milner refused on a notable occasion to go to the Colonial Office when he had work in Africa; and no doubt he was justified. The pro-consulship is at least as great an office as Cabinet rank, and if Cabinet Ministers sufficiently recognize their own limitations to give the man on the spot a free hand their ignorance may perhaps be as profitable as a little knowledge.

Some Mark Twain Stories.

MARK TWAIN'S humorous advice to some burglars who broke into his house the other day proves that he has the faculty of finding humor in the most unexpected places. The following incident shows how strongly is the joker's instinct ingrained in him. A friend once took him to see a very beautiful and valuable piece of sculpture. It represented a young woman coiling up her hair, and the workmanship was such that the owner's companions stood open-mouthed in admiration. "Well," said the host, turning to Mark Twain for his verdict, "What do you think of it?" "Grand, isn't it?" "Yes," it's very pretty," said Mark, "but it's not true to nature." "Why not?" inquired everyone in surprise. "She ought to have her mouth full of hairpins," replied the humorist gravely.

Indeed, the author of "A Tramp Abroad," was a wit even before he left the nursery, and he was a continual source of amusement to his parents and their friends. One morning his father led him into the garden, and pointing to a bed of flowers that had a considerable number of weeds in it, said: "I want you to weed out this flower bed." The future author examined the bed in silence for a moment, and the more he looked at it the bigger it seemed to grow. It appeared that he had never seen so many weeds in his life before. Turning to his parent he innocently inquired: "Wouldn't it be better, father, to flower out the weed bed?"

One day Mark was in a billiard saloon when a particularly unprepossessing-looking man approached him and asked him to play a game. The humorist consented, and they began in earnest. "I'll be perfectly fair with you," said the stranger. "I'll play you left-handed." "I felt hurt," says Mark Twain, when he tells the story, "for he was cross-eyed, freckled, and had red hair, so I determined to teach him a lesson for his audacity. He won first shot and ran clean out, taking my half-dollar, and all I got was the opportunity to chalk my cue." The wonderful play of his opponent so astonished Mark that he exclaimed: "By Jove, if you can play like that with your left hand I'd like to see you play with your right."

"I can't," replied the stranger, as he



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sided out of the room; "you see, I'm left-handed."

Although he is a Bohemian of Bohemians, Mark Twain has a great capacity for business, and a short time ago he was telling a brother writer in his own inimitable way, the secret of his financial success. "My early difficulties taught me some thrift," said Mark, "but I never knew whether it was wiser to spend my last cent for a cigar to smoke or for an apple to devour." "I am astounded," observed his friend, "that a person with so little decision should have met with so much worldly success." Mark Twain nodded his head gravely. "Indecision about spending money," he said, "is worthy of cultivation. When I couldn't decide what to buy with my last cent, I kept it, and so became rich."

The humorist relates a remarkable experience that once befell him in Australia, which, he says, determined him to never again judge by appearances. He had just landed at an Australian port, and to his chagrin there was no porter in sight to carry his luggage. Seeing a rough-looking, badly-dressed old fellow leaning idly against a post with his hands in his pockets, the author beckoned to him and said: "See here, if you'll carry these bags up to the hotel I'll give you half a dollar." The man scowled darkly, and, taking three or four golden sovereigns from his pocket, he deliberately threw them into the sea, scowled at Mark Twain again, and walked away without a word.

"I tell you," went on the old lady at a hotel, getting quite angry. "I won't have this room. I ain't going to pay my money for a pigsty, and as far as sleeping in one of them folding beds, I simply won't do it." The boy could stand it no longer. "Get on in, mum," said he, with a weary expression on his face. "This ain't your room; it's the elevator."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mr. Gwarmly's Vote.

"WHY," said Mr. Gwarmly, "do women want votes? Haven't they got votes now, without the trouble of registering or going to the polls. Don't they all vote, their husbands and brothers and sons and brothers-in-law and sons-in-law and uncles and grandfathers, now, just as they want to? Let me tell you about my own case."

"This year I've been hotfoot for reform, and I've worked myself into quite a state of anxiety over it. I'm sick and tired of fraud and corruption and of the hydra-headed monsters that represent the same, the plutocratic pterodactyls that threaten wholly to deprive us of our liberties, to take the running of the Government wholly into their own hands, while at the same time they deprive us of our hard-earned substance!"

"Yes, sir, by gee, I was quite wrought up over this, and I made up my mind that this year I'd cast my vote not for party but for principle. I kept still and I said nothing about it—that is, to Mrs. Gwarmly, for I knew if I did there'd be m-m-m, not a row exactly, maybe, but a difference of opinion anyway, and likely trouble."

"You see, Mrs. Gwarmly is a strict party woman. She believes in the party she was brought up in and she sticks to it. She doesn't see the fraud and corruption and rottenness in it—that it is now in a state of decay; to her this is still the party of everything that is good and moral and respectable."

"So naturally I said nothing to Mrs. Gwarmly about my bent for reform and how I was going to vote and all that, and I would have got away with it all right if I hadn't got to talking politics with a visitor we had last night."

"We both got pretty well warmed up, he on one side and I on the other, and finally I told him who I'm going to vote for, and as I mentioned the name I thought I saw a frown on Mrs. Gwarmly's brow, but I didn't think any more about it until our visitor had gone, and then Mrs. Gwarmly speaks to me."

"'Lucius,' she says, 'do you mean to tell me that you are going to vote for So-and-so?' who to her personifies everything that a man ought not to vote for."

"'I certainly am,' I says, very stoutly."

"'Lucius!' she says."

"And then I try to tell her why. That I don't expect by my vote to be able to strike a straight out blow for all the reform I'd like to see, but I do expect by it to give the old party an uppercut that will put it out of business and to make room for a new party and new men to come in. But she doesn't see it."

"'Lucius Gwarmly,' she says to me now, solemnly, 'if you vote for that man I'll leave you!'"

"And how can you answer an argument like that? You can't."

"And so, after all my well thought out plans for helping to bring reform to the country, I had to walk up and vote for the straight ticket, Mrs. Gwarmly's ticket, and vote once more for the old flag and an appropriation!"

"Why do women want votes? Why should they want to vote when every woman can control at least one vote?"—New York Sun.



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SPORTING COMMENT



IN his official report to the American Olympic Committee, Mr. Gustavus T. Kirby, who represented that body in England, states with clearness the grounds of complaint against the way the English Olympic authorities conducted the games. He makes out quite a case, and his countrymen will believe that it was the deliberate design of the British officials to "stack the cards" against the American visitors. Canadians occupying, as they do, middle ground between the disputants in this matter, can see that both parties—British officials on one side and American athletes on the other—are quite serious in believing that the others were bent on winning by any means whatever. The trouble seems to be that the two people do not understand each other. For instance, Mr. Kirby lays much stress on the fact that the British officials at first "made the draws for the events in secret," and only admitted outsiders after protest against the practice had been made. Mr. Kirby, of course, takes it for granted that something underhanded was being done—could not fail to be done, unless all interested parties had representatives present. On the other hand, the officials, no doubt, assumed that nobody would dream of suspecting them of abusing their trust. The differences between the two are irreconcilable. In fact, the Americans would have fared much better had they not sought to fare for themselves—had they not proceeded on the assumption that they would get cheated out of their eye-teeth if they trusted anybody but themselves. They suspected everybody. They trusted nobody. They interpreted all the errors due to the confusion of the occasion to deep cunning and dishonorable plannings, and gave mortal offense to honorable sportsmen, who may sometimes be stupid, but never crooked. No doubt, the Olympic games were, in many respects, mismanaged. Perhaps it would be well if there are to be any more such international contests, to have, as Caspar Whitney suggests in *Outing*, an international committee of a truly representative character in charge of the whole affair.

BUT the Americans proved in this, as on many former occasions, that they have but a poor idea of how to behave when away from home. That is to say, altogether too many of them fail in this. If the people of the Republic desire the good-will of other nations they should inspect outgoing steamers and only license those Americans to go abroad who are prepared to feign a respect for the institutions of the countries through which they pass—who are prepared to tolerate what they do not approve. The Republic sent some fine athletes to England this year, but, unfortunately, a mob followed across the pond, and many of these persons made themselves very objectionable by their meddlesomeness before the event, their boasts in case of victory and their outcry in case of defeat. Indeed, it might promote international good-will if each country adopted the settled policy of forbidding misrepresentative persons to travel abroad. The Academy (English) says that the American spectators in the Stadium, "sat with the competitors in a great mass together, and made disgusting noises and cries. No other nations behaved in this way, and if the other nations had adopted similar tactics the whole Exhibition would have been turned into a revolting pandemonium. We sincerely hope that this is the last time we shall see American amateur athletes in this country, and we can get on very well without a great many other Americans who are not athletes." This is angry talk, of course, and although there has been a great deal of it, yet on second thought the British press took on a friendlier tone. Hot words were spoken under much provocation, for John Bull does not like to be accused of dishonorable conduct in sport. However, after reading much that has been printed on both sides, it is very evident that before the final events in the Olympic contests had been pulled off, the American competitors, but more particularly their noisy backers, had altogether estranged British public opinion, until the victory of any person of any other nationality whatever, was preferred.

VISITS of Canadians to England in connection with athletics should be encouraged in order to re-inspire sentiments of good sportsmanship in this country. We drift towards a tendency to win, as fairly as possible, but somehow a truer sporting spirit than that is everywhere inculcated in Great Britain. "Jimmie" Murphy, of Toronto, who was across the pond with the All-Canada lacrosse team, has returned, and in an interview in which he spoke in the highest terms of the lacrosse ability of the English players, he went on to speak of the true spirit of sportsmanship (recounted). They are ahead of us in that respect. "For instance," he says, "a funny thing happened in that last big game, which goes to show of what stuff the people are made. 'Twas the last quarter, with not much time left, and the score tied. Dillon broke his stick and beat it round the Stadium looking for another, but find the individual who carried them he could not. Finally an English player came over to him. 'What's the matter, old chap, something gone wrong?' said he. Dillon explained the situation, whereupon the opposing player replied, 'Why, that's all right, I'll go off the field with you till you copy your eye on your stick-holder.' Do you mean to say they would do such a thing over here? Yes, they would—not."

THE following are the Canadian amateur records in running and jumping, as accepted up to date by the Canadian Athletic Union:

50 yards run—3-5 sec. Robert Kerr.
100 yards run—9-4-5 sec. Robert Kerr.
220 yards run—21-3-5 sec. P. J. Walsh.
440 yards run—49 sec. M. W. Long.
880 yards run—1 min. 54-3-5 sec. C. H. Kilpatrick.
1,000 yards run—2 min. 26-2-5 sec. Irving S. Parkes.
1 mile run—4 min. 21-4-5 sec. George W. Orton.
2 mile run—9 min. 49-2-5 sec. George W. Orton.
3 mile run—15 min. 9-3-5 sec. Tom Longboat.
5 mile run—26 min. George Adams.
10 mile run—53 min. 59 sec. Geo. Adams.
15 mile run—1 hour 25 min. 43-2-5 sec. Tom Longboat.
25 mile run—2 hours 38 min. 11 sec. Harry Lawson.
Running broad jump—23 ft. 6½ in. A. C. Kraenzlein.
Running high jump—6 ft. 2½ in. J. K. Baxter.
Standing broad jump—10 ft. 2½ in. George H. Barber.
Standing high jump—4 ft. 8½ in. George H. Barber.
Running hop, step and jump—47 ft. 1½ in. Dr. J. G. Macdonald.
Pole Vault—12 ft. 5 in. E. B. Archibald.

NOW that there is so much talk about professional "running," it is interesting to note that Henri Siret, of France, who won the professional Marathon race from Windsor Castle to the Stadium in England, travelled over the same course covered by the amateur runners last July and knocked all the records into flinders. He got the full course in 2 hours 37 minutes 23 seconds, and an idea of the merit of the performance can best be gathered from the fact that it is 17 minutes 44-4-5 seconds faster than the time made by John J. Hayes, who placed the Olympic race to the credit of the United States. Seven men in the contest beat the time made by both Hayes and Pietro Dorando. In fifth place was A. Aldridge of the Highgate Harriers, who made his debut as a professional, and had he only run as well last July he would have beaten the field by a comfortable margin. His figures were 2 hours 42 minutes 51-3-5 seconds, or more than twelve minutes better than Hayes. It was a pity that Siret's intermediate times were not taken, for he certainly laid low a lot of old time professional marks. Away back in 1881 G. Mason ran 26 miles in 2 hours 43 minutes 40 seconds, and along with Siret's time being 6 minutes 17 seconds faster, the Frenchman ran an additional 586 yards. The amateur path record is 2 hours 47 minutes 14 seconds by J. A. Squires more than a quarter of a century ago.

THREE college athletes have had an ideal shattered, says the New of snowshoeing, skiing and tobogganing a speech that Sir G. Trevelyan made in London before the Publishers Circle at a recent dinner. These men in addition to being athletes, are devoted to Thackeray and "The Virginians."

There is a reference in that book to the prowess of George Washington as an athlete, particularly as a broad jumper. This is to the effect that Washington was able to jump 22 feet, which, considering that it

was away back in the eighteenth century, was some leap. Although the best American record now is 24 feet 7-1-4 inches, it has not been standing so long, and in the early days of American athletics 22 feet was a remarkable performance in the broad jump.

These three used to pride themselves on knowing about that performance credited to Washington, and they pointed out how in 1876 and for three years following the American championship was won by leaps of less than 20 feet, and that from 1880 to 1885 inclusive the champion did not do 22 feet, although close to it on several occasions.

So they used always to tell folks who asked about great broad jumpers that Washington held the American record from about 1752 to 1885. What shattered all this was the following from the Trevelyan speech:

"I was present at a dinner where Thackeray discoursed to a delighted audience of young people about 'The Virginians,' which he was then writing, and which seemed to fill his mind to the exclusion of everything else. Among other matters he asked us, all around the table, what was the widest jump any of us had ever known, and when we agreed upon 21 feet, he said: 'Then, I must make George Washington jump one foot more.'"

THE Mississauga Golf Club held, on Thanksgiving Day, the promised field day, which had been locked forward to by members for some time. It was in every way a complete success, there being a record attendance, and the expected keen competition resulted in good golf and in consequence close and interesting finishes, while the weather conditions could not have been improved upon. A special handicap, for which prizes were offered for the best net and best gross scores, was played off in the morning, Mr. J. E. Hall being the winner with a net score of 81, and Messrs. Forester, captain of the club, and Merrylees tying on gross scores, necessitating a play-off at an early date.

In the afternoon the driving contest was won by Mr. G. G. MacKenzie, and the approach and putt by Mr. A. U. Merrylees. Mr. J. E. Hall was successful in the putting competition. There were a large number of entries for these four events, and the enthusiasm and competition very keen. Prizes for all of these events, together with medals for first and second in each of the three flights for club championship are to be presented at a dinner to be held at a later date. Although Monday's meet is looked upon as the final big one of the season the links are at present in first class condition and several weeks of play are anticipated by the members, in the course of which a big consolation event, for those not at present in the prize list, is arranged.

The club house will remain open all winter, with the steward and stewardess on hand, and is likely to be used a great deal, as the members intend to utilize their course while the snow is on the grounds for the sports of snowshoeing, skiing and tobogganing, for which it would be difficult to find a more suitable bit of country.

LAST Saturday night, about 10.30, there being such a fine moon a number of members of the above club who were staying over for the holiday, decided to try the novel experience of playing golf by moonlight, and with the professional played the last hole, 520 yards, the latter holding out in six, one more than bogey. An informal putting contest was subsequently held lasting until nearly midnight.

A WOMAN entered a police station in Holland and asked the officer in charge to have the canals dragged.

"My husband has been threatening, for some time, to drown himself," she explained, "and he's been missing now for two days."

"Anything peculiar about him by which he can be recognized?" asked the officer, preparing to fill out a description blank.

For several moments the woman seemed to be searching her memory. Suddenly her face brightened.

"Why, yes, sir. He's deaf."

The Gentlewoman (London) says. The secretary to the Katikiro of Uganda, in his book, "Uganda's Katikiro in England," tells how the dan-

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cing of English people impressed him, and his opinion is certainly not flattering.

"On this day," he says, "I saw how the Europeans dance to the piano, a thing which they like doing very much. When they dance they jump up and down and twist around, men and women holding on to each other in pairs; for my part I preferred the music to the dancing, which I thought was a shameful thing for men and women to dance thus together. They danced in many different kinds of ways, a different way for each tune."

THE WILDERNESS TERROR

By LLOYD ROBERTS

WE had been surviving in the wilderness a solid month before Jack Segee turned up. He was redolent of universities and city life. In his own environments he might have passed as a pretty decent sort, but out here with nothing but woods and snow and our few quiet selves, where the smallest thing could jar the nerves, he soon became unpopular.

He was broad-shouldered, square-jawed, and put him into sensible clothes and a hundred yards away and he would seem a pretty fair specimen of woodsman. But nearer than that, dress wouldn't hide the bumptiousness that stood out all over him. He had been taught a lot, no doubt, but not a quarter as much as he knew. Solomon wouldn't have had a leg to stand on if he had been audacious enough to get into an argument with Segee. It was useless to stand up our facts to his theories for he would knock them down and drown them by the mere weight of words.

Though he had never been in the woods before in his life, at the end of a week there wasn't a thing left to learn. Our skill with axe and snowshoes a child could acquire. The woods were an open primer, wherein he had but glanced to know by heart. Wood lore any fool could master. Who couldn't start a fire when he had an axe and matches? How could one lose himself as long as there were stars and a sun and moss on the north side of trees?

So we, who had been on intimate terms with the wilderness for many years and knew something, though not much, of her varying moods and mysterious ways, of her sudden cruelties and terrible strength, waited for her to open the eyes of this vain-glorious youth and fill his heart with humility and fear.

After a time, as our work progressed, the course of the contemplated railroad drew us farther and farther from the old deserted lumber camp that we had been comfortably inhabiting, and we finally abandoned it altogether and crowded into a tent.

The morning after our change of residence we awoke to find the snow falling thickly. The trees a few yards away were blurred and indistinct. Our boss, Bill Stuart, decided to wait until it cleared up a bit; so we lolled about on our blankets, swapped yarns and chewed on our pipe-stems.

Presently Segee, reaching for his jack-knife with which to shave his plug of tobacco, discovered to his disgust that he had left it behind in the cabin. "Hang it all, that means a ten-mile tramp for me," he growled petulantly. "It's too good a one to lose, and besides a— a girl gave it to me just before I left home."

We showed little sympathy, and even looked forward to having him out of hearing for a few hours. But Stuart advised him to wait until the storm cleared. "Yer'll like as not to lose yourself and waste our valuable time hunting you up again if you start now," he warned.

Horses couldn't have turned Segee aside after that. His lower jaw protruded stubbornly and he gave a contemptuous laugh.

"Hi, Cook, just give me a hunk of bread and a bit of bacon and tea, will you, so I can get my lunch at the camp?" The cook fished them out of a box and he stuffed them into his reefer pockets. He tied a small tin kettle to his belt, refilled and lit his pipe and without another word tramped away through the whirling flakes.

"Good riddance," one of the boys murmured. "Don't hurry yourself in the least on our accounts." Segee didn't!

About noon the clouds rolled away and the sun came out strong. The spruces blazed as if buried in diamonds. After a quick meal we donned our racquets, picked up our chains and other instruments and slumped back to the scene of operations, going at right-angles to the direction Segee had taken. A quarter of a mile in, and just before we reached the straight narrow lane we were hacking through the wilderness, Stuart, who was leading the way, stopped short with an exclamation of surprise. We stepped up and discovered a snowshoe trail that crossed in front of us.

"I didn't know there was another man in thirty miles of us," he announced. "It must be a trapper or a lumberman who's been out to the settlement and returning to his camp, eh?"

"Of course," I answered. "Who else would be tracking through this forsaken country I'd like to know!"

We struck the line, got down to work and forgot all about it. When darkness began crowding daylight out of the thickets and hollows, so as to interfere with business, we left off and started back.

Imagine our surprise when we found another line of tracks crossing our own and running parallel to the first ones and in the same direction.

"The woods seem to be getting chock-full of people, don't it?" said a chain-bearer named Mullen. "Wonder where they're all hikin' to!"

"I couldn't guess," Stuart answered, "but wherever it is the last chap seems to be in a blamed hurry to get there. By the space between tracks and the way he's sunk in he's evidently on the full run. And see, he's bust the tail of his off shoe and hasn't taken time to mend it. I wonder if he's trying to overtake the first one."

"In that case why isn't he following in the same tracks, instead of a hundred yards to one side?" I inquired. "Unless he doesn't wish to be seen," I continued on second thought. "Well, it's none of our business, anyhow, and my to-s'll drop off if we stand here any longer," Mullen complained, and struck for home. We stopped our guesswork and out after him.

The first news we heard when we arrived at the tent was that Segee hadn't shown up yet. That was strange, because to the cabin and back wasn't over ten miles at the most.

"Do you think he has lost himself after all, Stuart?" I grinned.

"I wouldn't wonder; but I doubt if he's as big a fool as that. He had our old tracks to follow, and a course as straight as a die. Even if the flurry had hidden them, still he couldn't help feeling them beneath his feet. No, he's just lazying, that's all."

But after supper, when the moon came up over the black firs and threw weird splashes and shadows on the white floor of the forest, and still Segee didn't turn up, we began to think that he had committed the very folly he had been warned against.

"Well, it'll do the kid good to spend a night under the trees by himself," said the cook; and we agreed that it would.

An hour later we knocked out our pipes, rolled up in our blankets and became unconscious of the world of reality and our comrade somewhere out beneath the stars.

Morning came, but still no Segee. Then for the first time the significance of those snowshoe tracks we found the day before struck my mind.

"Boys, I bet you anything those were Segee's tracks we saw."

Some looked incredulous, others agreed.

"If so," said Stuart, "he must be clean addled in his head, for he is traveling round in circles when the sun is shining, and is crossing our trails without noticing them. Hurry up with your coffee, boys, and we'll get after him." For the first time his face began to get serious, and there was a scent of tragedy in the air.

We bolted our breakfasts without regard for our stomachs; and then Stuart sent a couple to follow the direction Segee had started in, to discover if he had really branched off to the right. The rest of us, with the exception of the cook, made straight for the double trails where we had struck them the day before. I don't believe we had gone more than a hundred yards from the tent before we came on a third line of tracks. Stuart gave a low whistle of surprise.

"That's him," he said. "See, they're pretty fresh, too. Doesn't that beat all, eh? He's going round like a hen with it's head off. I heard of a man once who got lost in a blizzard while crossing a river two miles wide, and he never reached either shore, but circled round and round till he died of cold and exhaustion; but this beats that all hollow! He's going slow, so it shouldn't be long before we overtook him."

What I read in the tracks made me pretty anxious, so I set out on a run that trailed the others out behind. Evidently Segee had got panicky when first he discovered he was lost, and was too scared to camp quietly until we found him. The second lap he had been running, desperate at the idea of being overtaken by darkness. He had tripped on a root and broken his racquet, but had rushed on again without heeding it. All night he must have held his mad pace, and a wave of pity for the lad swept over me. If he had only kept his head and practiced some of his much-talked-of theories, how simple

it would have been for him. But they had been swamped the first thing by the loneliness and terror that is apt to attack the tenderfoot in the wilderness. These thoughts came to me as I sped along his trail.

Each moment I expected to find him lying in the snow, for it was plain he had come near to the end of his tether. His tracks were no longer distinct, but were shuffled together in a continuous crooked line, showing that he had scarcely strength enough to lift his feet, and was reeling drunkenly. One place he had collided with a clumpy fir, and had started running again. Then there was a wide hollow in the snow where he had fallen and had difficulty in regaining his feet. His kettle had broken its string and was lying half buried in the snow. Every yard showed a mad, senseless panic, all the more pitiful because there was no excuse for it.

It was an hour later and I was well out of sight of the others, though I could hear them unwinding that tortuous trail not far behind, when I first caught sight of Segee. He was a couple of hundred paces away, his back towards me and reeling so I expected to see him fall at every step. His head was bare. His arms hung at his sides and flopped about as if stuffed with straw. His shoulders were hunched forward so that his chin rested on his breast, and his head swayed loosely. He walked as if he were already dead, and only some mysterious power was keeping him going. I shouted loudly and ran towards him. He paid no heed.

"Hello, old chap," I said as I came close up behind. Still he didn't seem to hear. I reached out and clapped him on the shoulder.

The effect was startling. He sprang to life with a hoarse screech and swung round. His face was drawn and as white as the snow on his clothes, and he stared at me with eyes of abject terror. Next instant he was bounding down the glade and shrieking like one in torture. I heard the others calling out and running towards me, and then I put my head back and sprinted as hard as I knew how. I shouted once or twice, but it only seemed to make Segee go faster. I knew he couldn't get far before he'd collapse, and saved my breath.

Suddenly his snowshoes tangled and he shot forward on his face. But before I could get to him he was up again and wallowing on with one foot out of a racquet. Now he was absolutely helpless, and he seemed to realize it. He sprawled towards the nearest tree, frantically clutched at the trunk in a vain endeavor to draw himself up, and then his strength left him and he fell back in a limp heap. I waited until the rest came up, and we constructed a rough kind of litter with boughs and carried him back to the tent. With little surprise we found the food untouched still in his pockets, and he had enough wax matches to last him a month. He didn't come to until we had poured a precious lot of raw brandy between his teeth. He was quite sane again, but as weak as a kitten. We rolled him in blankets, and the cook fed him with gruel, and when we got back from work late that afternoon he was almost himself again.

No, not his old self, though. The horrible experience he had been through had knocked the bumptiousness clean out of him, and he was as meek as a lamb. He tried to apologize to each one of us in turn, and called himself every ugly name in his vocabulary, and couldn't see why we hadn't left him out in the snow.

"Now, boys," he announced weakly. "I'm going to get each one of you to kick me as soon as I get on my feet, and then I'll start in and try to learn a little about this blood-thirsty wilderness of yours. Will you teach me?"—From the Outing Magazine for November.

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Some young idlers had been enjoying the fun of hailing passing shop-girls with rather doubtful compliments, and from some of the answers returned it is evident that not all of those addressed were taking things kindly. Presently one of the older boys, seeing it was going too far, spoke up. "Look 'a here now, fellows," he added, "youse might think youse is wise guys an' all that, but just keep on and the wrong lady'll come along an' she'll break your face, see?"—Argonaut.

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lers," he added, "youse might think youse is wise guys an' all that, but just keep on and the wrong lady'll come along an' she'll break your face, see?"—Argonaut.

The unemployable, whether he comes from the English classes or masses, is detested by Canadians and deserves all the marks of disfavor he gets.—London "Canada."



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone (Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments.) Main (6640)

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:

Board of Trade Building, (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL.

LONDON, ENGLAND, BRANCH OFFICE:

Byron House, 85 Fleet Street, E.C.

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors. Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....\$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Three Months......50

Postage to American, European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.

Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd, 1879. Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 22 TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER 14, 1908 No. 5

!?! PONTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

AN AUTHORITY ON GRAIN AND MILLING.

IT is exactly thirty years since the first shipment of grain was made out of the Canadian West. That was the first occasion on which the harvest of the prairie farms overflowed, and there was more bread-stuff in Manitoba than there were mouths to eat it. That first shipment consisted of only 800 bushels—not enough to keep a modern mill grinding for twenty-four hours, in fact, not enough to seed a good-sized western farm next spring.

Those eight hundred bushels were carried by a Red River steamer down to Fisher's Landing, then carried to Duluth, and thence taken East by a small lake boat. That little shipment was the humble and almost apologetic entrance of the farmers of the Canadian West into the grain markets of the world. That epoch-making event was referred to the other day by Mr. F. W. Thompson, head of the Ogilvie Flour Milling Company, one of the largest concerns of its kind, not only in Canada, but on this continent.

Mr. Thompson took the brief look backwards in the course of an excellent address delivered the other day before the Canadian Club of Fort William. He spoke deserved words of praise of the enterprise displayed by the people of the two sister ports of Lake Superior, and he gave them some good advice respecting their mutual relations and interests. By nature they were not rivals, but most powerful allies.

Mr. Thompson's position, as he stood before that Fort William Club, was itself a strong reminder of what enterprise and worth can accomplish not only for the community but also for the individual. At about the time that first shipment of grain was going out of Manitoba thirty years ago, Mr. Thompson was leaving school to begin life as a bank clerk. He served his apprenticeship to finance in a branch bank in the little town of Bedford, the *chef lieu* of Missisquoi County, Quebec. There was no grain business done there, and it was years after before he began to study the problems of flour-milling and the great interests involved in the grain trade. In the bank he was soon recognized as a clever young clerk who soon mastered the routine of the office. His sterling character and strong personality, which have counted for so much in the broader field upon which he soon entered, won for him a recognized place in the life of the town, and he made friends and held them all. But the life was narrow and he cut away from it, going West to enter the service of the late Mr. W. W. Ogilvie. Soon he was manager of the big miller's Winnipeg business, and when it was turned into a company Mr. Thompson became general manager and was removed to Montreal. To-day his forecast of the western crop or his outlook respecting the grain trade is looked upon as authoritative.

MACDONALD THE PLOWMAN.

EARLY in the political career of Sir John A. Macdonald he was opposed by a successful farmer who never omitted to exploit his connection with the soil, when addressing his rural constituents. At a joint meeting on the eve of the election the farmer told his usual story, and warned the stalwart electors that their

interests were too important to be entrusted to a man who had never guided a plow.

Mr. Macdonald, as he was then, followed with some nice remarks about farmers and farming, even admitting in the frankest way that it was quite necessary to have a few farmers in Parliament. "But, let me assure my good friend," he continued, "that there are plenty of lawyers who could plow a straight furrow on occasion, and it would give me great pleasure to meet him in a plowing match."

After the meeting Mr. Macdonald was approached by a cautious Conservative, whose sense of humor was not highly developed. "You ought to be careful," he said, "that man prides himself on plowing, and has won several prizes."

Macdonald chuckled. "You will notice," he replied, "that there is a foot of snow outside, with a prospect of more. We are not likely to have a plowing match before the election."

But the cautious Conservative was not satisfied. "Tell me," he asked, "are you really a good plowman?"

Mr. Macdonald looked grave. "To tell the truth," he said, "it is some time since I plowed any but political furrows, but I have recently—and quite frequently, and successfully—played poker."

LORD STRATHCONA'S TITLE.

THE announcement that the King has created Lord Strathcona a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order, makes apropos the re-publication of a recent statement by His Lordship in reference to his title: "After my death the title will not be continued exactly in its present form. As a matter of fact, there have been two letters patent in regard to it. The first, which was issued by the late Queen Victoria, gave me the title of Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal of Glencoe, in the county of Argyll, and of Montreal, in the province of Quebec, in the Dominion of Canada. The second letters patent, which was issued by the present King, gave me the title of Baron Mount Royal and Strathcona. It is this last named form of the title which will be handed down to my successors, the Canadian part of the title coming first, you see, and the Scottish part second."

Lord Strathcona has only one child, a daughter, who is married to Dr. Bliss Howard, a Montreal doctor, now settled in London. The title will descend to her and to her heirs male. So that as a matter of fact his real name (so we are reminded by the Ottawa Free Press) is Lord Mount Royal and Strathcona, instead of, as generally used, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

OVERHEARD ON A BELT LINE CAR.

THERE is no place where a child with an inquiring mind can make a grown up companion feel more uncomfortable than in a street car, as many adults are able to testify. A few days ago, in Toronto, a lady boarded a Belt Line car, accompanied by a four-year-old boy whose chief object in life appeared to be to find things about which he desired information. He had made a number of innocent enquiries before a man wearing a grey overcoat on the sleeve of which was a band of crape, entered and sat down on the opposite seat. The little boy got his eyes on the mourning band, and immediately asked his mother: "What has the man got that thing round his arm for?"

The woman tried to still the piping voice, but the question was repeated. After finding that saying "Hush" did not do any good, she tried to divert his attention to other things.

"Look, dear, at the man driving a donkey," she said. But the youngster did not intend to be put off in this manner. He looked for a moment at the donkey, and then returned to the first subject under consideration. "Tell me why the man has that thing on his arm," he said.

Driven to desperation, the mother had to capitulate. "Some one the poor man liked very much is dead," she said in a low tone of voice.

"Oh," replied the small boy, and he was evidently disappointed. "I thought it was to keep caterpillars from crawling up!"

HIS WIFE'S TELEGRAM.

SOME months ago there was a large fire in a factory in Hamilton. The owner happened to be on a business trip in Port Arthur, and in the middle of the night had a telegram delivered to him. The message was from his wife, informing him of the conflagration. She disclaimed all responsibility for the punctuation, but, anyway, this was how it read: "Big fire in warehouse. Come home at once under control."

THE OLDEST FEDERAL MINISTER.

NOW that the Hon. R. W. Scott has retired from the Federal Cabinet, Sir Richard Cartwright has the pre-eminence of being the Minister who can look farthest into the past. One comes upon a reminder of this length of service upon running through that interesting little book, "My Canadian Journal," left by the Marchioness of Dufferin, in which she sets down with great simplicity, but with wise discrimination and much brightness, a record of the daily life of the vice-regal household, and of her journeyings with her distinguished husband through Canada. The Dufferins had been here only a little more than a year when the Pacific Scandal burst, and the Macdonald Government went out of office.

Under Monday, November 15, 1874, Lady Dufferin wrote in her Journal: "In the evening we had some of our new Ministers to dinner." The "new Ministers" here referred to were members of the Mackenzie Government who had recently taken office. Lady Dufferin goes on to say: "I sat between Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Cartwright. I like them both, and the latter is very talkative and pleasant. Mr. Mackenzie is very straightforward and nice, and very Scotch in accent and looks. On the other side of him was M. Letellier de St. Juste, a French-Canadian, and then came Mr. Vale, from Halifax, and the Haligonian Prime Minister, Mr. Almon."

Of the gentlemen here mentioned by Lady Dufferin only one is still a guest at Rideau Hall—Sir Richard Cartwright.

One other name is well remembered—that of Letellier de St. Juste, who when Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, summarily dismissed his Conservative Ministry, and called upon Mr. (now Sir Henry)



BISHOP OF STEPNEY NOT COMING TO CANADA. Although unanimously elected to be Bishop of Montreal, the Bishop of Stepney, England, does not see his way to accept the honor and has cabled his regrets.

Joly de Lotbiniere to form a government, and who, five years later was in turn dismissed from his high position by Sir John Macdonald, shortly after the latter had returned to power in 1878.

WHEN JAMES J. HILL STRUCK A KNOT.

JAMES J. HILL'S determination to complete an undertaking is pretty universally known. Nevertheless, he has struck some tough knots during his many experiences with men.

At the moment when the last trainmen's strike on the Great Northern Railway was called, Mr. Hill happened to be at a terminal on the Montana division. Also the general roadmaster was there. Mr. Hill, finding it impossible to collect crews to man the scheduled trains, determined to take one out himself, and ordered "Jim" Downing, the roadmaster, to take charge of No. 2, eastbound overland, for St. Paul.

Downing was in sympathy with the striking trainmen, and consequently made excuses and demurred at the idea. There is no alternative when Hill determines a man's duties, however, and Downing knew it. But he was just as determined he would not take No. 2 out, and he knew disobedience meant instant dismissal. But he reflected that he would give Jim a farewell that few would have dared to essay.

Turning to the president, he asked: "Mr. Hill, is there an empty nail-keg around here, anywhere?"

"What on earth do you want with an empty nail-keg? Get that train in readiness," returned Hill.

"But I must have an empty keg first, Mr. Hill," insisted Downing.

"What for?" thundered Hill again.

"I need the keg, Mr. Hill, to stick my head in to practice hollering, 'All-aboard!'" shouted Downing, as he disappeared.

THE REPORTER AND THE JUDGE. ONE of the older generation of court reporters tells a good story of a famous High Court judge of Ontario noted for his good nature and brusque speech. This judge was widely reputed to chew tobacco, although it is a mystery to this day among lawyers and officials as to how he got away with the residuum. On one occasion he was holding court in a county, to which a new sheriff had been recently appointed, and who was to go through his first experience of an assize. Having heard of the judge's peculiarities, he bought a brand new spittoon and had it placed conveniently beside the judge's seat on high. His Lordship entered, and seeing the article, kicked it out of the way. After the noon intermission he saw it replaced in its old position and again kicked it out of sight. Next morning when he entered court the new and shining cuspidor was in the old convenient spot. His Lordship turned to the sheriff, and addressed that official as follows:

"Mr. Sheriff, if that cuspidor is placed there again, I shall certainly spit in it."

Of the same judge is told a tale of the unique manner in which a reporter for an evening paper ingratiated himself with him. This newspaper man has since removed to the land of yellow journalism, where he finds more scope for his peculiar talents. One day he was covering Osgoode Hall, and committed the unheard-of solecism of entering this judge's private quarters.

Seeing nobody about, he examined all the functionary's private papers, taking a note or two. Then he proceeded to open the drawers of the desk, and spying His Lordship's special brand of chewing tobacco, took a liberal portion. As he tucked it into his mouth he heard an unctuous voice behind him say, "That's right, young man, help yourself. Anything else you'd like, take it." From that day he became the reporter's fast friend, and would, on seeing him, call to him across the street to make him a present of a "scoop."

SOME NOTED HALIFAX RUNNERS.

THEY have always had some good runners in Halifax, though perhaps not one has equalled in reputation and performance Hans Holmer, this year's Hamilton Herald winner. Two members of the Halifax Wanderers, who had more than a local reputation were Harry Mackintosh and George Tracy. The former was a contemporary of George Orton, Toronto's greatest middle distance champion of the "nineties."

When Orton burst forth like a meteor in the fall of 1891, Mackintosh had just won the mile at the games of the Montreal Athletic Club in the respectable time of 4.32, a record, we think, at that time, for a Canadian. On the following Saturday the Canadian Championships were held at the same track, and Mackintosh, who had expected at least a second to A. B. George, had to fall in behind, and a good way behind, Orton, who chased George across the tape in the time of 4.27 2-5.

After that the Haligonian made the Maritime Provinces his field, and at all distances from 600 yards to the mile held fair records. He also rowed with Frank Grier-

son, now of Ottawa, in a four whose work was highly spoken of by Hanlan.

George Tracy did what only a handful of Canadians have accomplished, in winning an American championship twice consecutively. The half mile was his distance and he did the trick in 1887 and 1888, but did not have to beat two minutes for the distance.

THE ONLY TIME GREENWAY WAS INTERVIEWED.

THE late Thomas Greenway, when he was Premier of Manitoba, had one particular hobby, and that was to figure as a man who never, under any circumstances, granted interviews to the Press. He took a solid delight in sitting with a cigar in his mouth and silently baffling the reporters, and when he used to come down to Toronto and put up at the Queen's, the local newspaper men took an equal delight in trying to badger a statement of policy out of him.

It will be remembered that he was beaten eight years ago by the magnificent township organization put up by Mr. Hugh John Macdonald and his associates. Before Greenway went to the country there was a majority of Liberals in every Provincial Legislature, as well as in the House of Commons. Since this was the first election after the overthrow of 1896, the Conservatives were determined to show that the party was still alive and for a year or more used every effort to get their organization in fighting shape. Naturally, there was much speculation in Ontario as to when the elections would be held.

All winter and spring there were rumors that Greenway was going to the country "next month," but prophecies continued to be navigated. Greenway was absolutely sphinxlike on the question. Finally a Toronto reporter set at rest the doubts on the matter, and obtained the only statement that the late Premier of Manitoba is known to have given to an interviewer. One night in the early summer the reporter in question espied Mr. Greenway sitting on the verandah of the Queen's Hotel, and approaching him, said:

"Say, they tell me that you've never been interviewed."

The Premier grunted an assent, obviously pleased with the distinction.

"Well, I'm going to interview you right now," continued the reporter.

Mr. Greenway had the air of "Try it if you can."

"What the people down here want to know is when the Manitoba elections are coming off," said the interviewer.

"So do the people of Manitoba," was the response.

"Well, everybody says that they are coming off in July," continued the reporter.

Mr. Greenway ruminated on this, apparently afraid to let silence give consent, and reluctant to speak.

"They say that, anyway, they will be held this summer. The Tories are just spoiling for a fight."

Suddenly, the demeanor of the old politician changed. "Well, I guess I'll give them time to cool off," he said, significantly.

The reporter took his meaning immediately and shook him by the hand with the words, "Thank you very much, Mr. Greenway, you've been interviewed."

He went to his office and wrote that the appeal to the electorate would be made in the late autumn, and so the event proved.

DIDN'T KNOW OUR WAYS.

THE readers of SATURDAY NIGHT are already aware of how good an impression Dr. Coward and the members of the Sheffield Choir made on Ontario, both as singers and individuals. They were found to be good, wholesome people, bound together with the bonds of the great leveller, music, with a hearty interest in all they saw around them.

Some of them were not in touch with Canadian customs, however. On the night that the Mendelssohn Choir entertained them in the basement of Massey Hall, Dr. Coward was greeted by the Canadians present when he rose to speak with cries of "Three cheers for Dr. Coward and Sheffield Choir." These were splendidly given, and after they were finished two members of the Mendelssohns, who are noted for the lusty manner in which they sing *forte* passages, ejaculated a mighty roar of "Tiger."

One of the choristers who was sitting at the other end of the chamber, turned with a startled look to the Torontonians who were sitting by his side, and exclaimed: "My word; what is that row at the other end of the table?"

BIG ROW—SMALL PROVOCATION.

EVERY now and then one reads of a football match played in a town of greater or less size, and before hundreds or thousands of spectators, which was marked, so the home papers declare, by the dirty, rough, or brutal play of the visiting team. It is impossible to tell which the more to admire—the temerity of the invaders, or the self-control of the on-looking host.

That fourteen unsupported men should be permitted to punch and kick and scrag and butt their opponents and come off unscathed, or at least not seriously harmed, argues an almost Quakerish frame of mind on the part of the supporters of the home team. Or perhaps the provocation, after all, is largely a fiction of the sporting writers, and the spectators can afford to be more self-contained than were the people of Hillsburg (not Wellington County) on one occasion forty years ago.

A traveller who rode into Hillsburg at midday in August, looked in vain for someone to feed his horse. Shops were closed, houses empty; there was even nobody at the post office. At last, attracted by a sound of music, he came to a cobbler's shop, where a tiny Irishman was pegging on a sole and seeking relief from the loneliness by chanting an old song of Erin.

"The whole township is in ar-rms," he said, in explanation of the village's deserted appearance. "They're all gone up to jine the lodge. This little cobbler's the only Papist in ten miles round, and they're sure the Irish are goin' to rise an' murder them in their beds."

Parliament House, Melbourne, Australia, which has been rushed by "the unemployed" of the Commonwealth capital, is the costliest legislative palace in Greater Britain. A million has been expended on it, and it is not yet completed. It belongs to the Parliament of Victoria, but since Federation it has been the meeting place of the Parliament of the Commonwealth, its owners moving to a wing of the exhibition building close by.

Mr. W. G. Fischer, of Toronto, who has been appointed Canadian Trade Commissioner to Glasgow, leaves this week to enter upon his duties. As Mr. Fischer is an experienced business man, his appointment is regarded as a fortunate one.

New Faces from the West

By ARTHUR R. FORD.

THERE will be many changes in the Western delegation in the eleventh Parliament of Canada. When the cannon boom on Nepean Point for the opening of the House many of the old, familiar faces will be gone, while in their places will be many new ones. The West will have seven more members than in the last House of Commons, four from Saskatchewan and three from Alberta. In the last Parliament there were twenty-seven seats; this time there will be thirty-four. In Manitoba only four of last year's members will be in their places again—Dr. Roche, Hon. Clifford Sifton, Dr. Schaffner, and W. D. Staples. Among those who will be missing will be the veteran ex-Premier of Manitoba, Hon. Thos. Greenway. His was a familiar figure in the corridors, and he will be missed from his favorite bench on Parliament Hill, where he was fond of sunning himself. He did not seek re-election, having been appointed to the Railway Commission. John Crawford, S. J. Jackson and Theodore Burrows were among the slain. D. W. Bole, former member for Winnipeg, also retired.

Among the new Manitoba members the best known is Glen Campbell, who defeated Burrows in Dauphin. Glen is one of the best known characters in the West. He is a real, Simon Pure Westerner, as he was born at Fort Pelly, where his father was Hudson Bay factor. He was educated at Glasgow and Edinburgh. Returning to Manitoba, he engaged in cattle ranching. When the rebellion broke out he joined Boulton's scouts as a private, and on the death of Captain Brown

at Batoche, was promoted to the captaincy of the troop. He has been engaged in ranching and farming ever since. Standing six feet two, tall, lank, lithe and muscular, with his bronzed face set off with a cowboy Stetson, he is a typical looking Western plainsman. He will be a picturesque figure at Ottawa.



Mr. Alex. Haggart, M.P.

Alex. Haggart, K.C., Winnipeg's member-elect, is a Peterboro boy, who has been a successful lawyer in Manitoba's capital for years. He has been prominent in educational and legal circles. Arthur Meighen, member-elect for Portage la Prairie, is a promising young Portage barrister, scarcely thirty. He was graduated from Toronto University in 1896. W. H. Sharpe, the new Conservative member for Lisgar, is one of the leading merchants of Southern Manitoba, having a large store at Manitou. G. H. Bradbury, Conservative member for Selkirk, is an Ottawa boy, who has been in business of various kinds in the West for twenty-five years.

In Saskatchewan all of the old members will be back in the House except A. J. Adamson, of Humboldt, who did not seek re-election. Among the new members, W. M. Martin, of Regina, is regarded as one of the most promising. He is a son of Rev. W. M. Martin, of Exeter, Ont., and was well known in Ontario, and at Varsity, where he graduated in 1898, as a lacrosse player. He only graduated in law in 1903, settling in Regina in that year. Another well-known Western figure from Saskatchewan who will be seen at Ottawa next session is Hon. Thomas McNutt, Speaker of the Saskatchewan Legislature. Dr. Neely is another local member who will be seen in the wider field. A. Champagne, the member-elect for Battleford, is a brother of Controller Napoleon Champagne, the well-known Ottawa Conservative, and several times a candidate in that city. He went West from Ottawa when twenty years of age, and served for a time in the Mounted Police, afterwards going to ranching. In 1904 he was elected first Mayor of Battleford, and in 1905 he was elected as a member of the Saskatchewan Legislature, supporting Premier Scott.

The four old members from Alberta, Hon. Frank Oliver, Dr. McIntyre, Maitland McCarthy, and John Herron, have been all re-elected. Of the new members, C. A. Magrath, of Medicine Hat, is one of the best-posted men in Western Canada. He is a land surveyor, and has roamed the country from end to end. He stands very high in Alberta, and is regarded as a man of the highest integrity and of sterling worth. Dr. Clark, the new representative for Red Deer, will be one of the orators from the West in the new House. He is an example of the Englishman from the Old Land who has made good in Canada. He is a graduate of Edinburgh University, and practised medicine for years in his native town of Newcastle, taking a prominent part in English politics. It was in 1901 that Dr. Clark came to Canada with his wife and four children, and began farming and ranching about fourteen miles from Olds. It was an entirely new occupation for Dr. Clark, but he luckily made good from the first. He has, from the first, taken an active interest in public affairs in his new adopted Province. Rather peculiarly, his opponent, G. F. Root, was a typically successful American settler. He is a cousin of Hon. Elihu Root, and is a prominent stockman.

The member for the new constituency of Victoria, W. H. White, is a Western old-timer. He, too, is an Ottawa old boy. He came to Winnipeg in 1881, and in the following year drove as far west as Indian Head, where he obtained employment on the Bell farm. In 1884 he



AT THE EAST YORK PLOWING MATCH

The Fall Plowing Matches attract a great deal of attention and the man who witnesses one of these contests for the first time is astonished at the wonderful nicety with which an expert plowman can turn his long furrows.

ventured to the mountains, working on the C. P. R. Later he joined the Mounted Police. He left the force in July, 1891, to go into cattle ranching at Star, Alberta. He resided for a short time at Fort Saskatchewan, and finally settled upon his present farm, at Fort Saskatchewan, in 1902.

How Small the World Is!

Some Remarkable and Unexpected Meetings in the Canadian West.

MR. ARTHUR HAWKES, who has been travelling through the Canadian West, contributes to the latest number of that excellent London weekly, Canada, an interesting article in which he tells of some strange meetings on the prairies. To quote:

If you walk down the Strand often enough you will meet everybody you know in the civilized world, so it is said. But the coincidences of the Strand are commonplace alongside the happenings of the plain, the meetings of the forest, the passages on the distant river. Let me recount a few of them that happened on one trip between Port Arthur and Edmonton.

We pulled out of Port Arthur on the Alberta Express of the Canadian Northern—eight literary geniuses from Chicago and the Middle West: His Majesty's Trade Commissioner for Canada, J. B. Tyrrell, who has lived half a generation on the north-western plains, in north-western woods, and on north-western waters; John Lewis, the editor of the Toronto Daily Star; the business manager of a newspaper published in far-away London; and myself, whose only title to notice is that I am less than the least of all saints.

When you go out to see the country, to imbibe facts and sense conditions, you forget to look for the unexpected, and only half recognize it when it comes. And yet paths of long-sundered acquaintances cross in the unlikely places. How big a world this is and how small a place! See?

We were collected from many places. Coming up from Sarnia some one had said it was curious we carried nobody from New York, and that we were an insufficient apology for even a small cosmopolis without some New York ingredient. Chicago men heard this in a silence that was not distantly related to scorn. Who wanted New York, or anything like New York? Well, at Port Arthur, New York came, and was received with all the geniality to which it was entitled.

Nobody thought of meeting Harstone at Port Arthur. He went to New York years ago from the Inter-Ocean, and Jones and Vanderhoof, Little and Green, who worked with him in the old days, thought he was in New York still. So he was, except that he was holidaying in Port Arthur, and blew in on that bunch like a flower on the lap of early May. In truth, he was not Harstone at all. He was Mike, and looked it, and went as far as Port Frances with us.

In Winnipeg, Little was handing out to a mischievous reporter an atrocious "Interview" with plain Bob Jones of the Inter-Ocean, who was supposed to ask the reporter to ask the people not to trouble to call him Senator while he was in Canada. There was brought to the group the associate of a Winnipeg business man, newly friended that morning.

"Mr. Little, let me introduce my partner, Mr. Latham." "You will do nothing of the sort, sir," said Little, with a miserable attempt at severity. "I have known your Mr. Latham ever since I began to know myself down in Bloomington, Illinois, and I haven't seen him since he began to shave. Have I, you son of a gun of a Latham? And how in thunder are you?"

Here was an introduction that wasn't, with the baffled introducer delighted at being baffled.

While the Chicago boys were journeying south there was a small dinner party on the car they had left. Tyrrell had been out to Morinville to see the coal mines which have begun to pour their exhaustless beneficence into thousands of homes. During the day there had joined us Mr. Mackinder, former director of the London School of Economics, who was touring Canada on half a dozen important missions, one of which is the preparation of lectures on Canada, for use in schools throughout the United Kingdom—a blessed piece of Imperialism mothered by the Princess of Wales. Mr. Mackinder was in Canada for the first time. That day he had already unexpectedly met His Majesty's Trade Commissioner for Canada, whom he had hoped to meet in London a month earlier, and was not looking for more surprises.

"Mr. Mackinder, Mr. Tyrrell," said I, and proposed to tell each something about the other. There was no need. Mackinder looked at Tyrrell, and Tyrrell, through his glasses, looked hard at Mackinder.

"The last time I saw you," said Tyrrell, "I heard you

lecture before the Royal Geographical Society in London, on your ascent of Mount Kenia."

Mackinder was all smiles and cordiality.

"The week before that lecture I heard you, before the Royal Geographical Society, telling of your northern explorations. Why, that must be about ten years ago, not long after my return from a rather troublesome journey in Equatorial East Africa. How very odd that we should meet again here!"

And so to dinner and its talk. Until Tyrrell and I pulled out for Winnipeg, by way of North Battleford and Dauphin, seven sons of the Empire, were in session—one Scotch-Canadian, born on the Red River; one Irish-Canadian, born on Lake Ontario; one Welsh-Canadian, born in Toronto; one imported Scotsman, and three Englishmen, partially imported.

If only we had known, this love feast of the seven sons might have been perfected by the addition of another, of whom Tyrrell and I did not learn till next day, when, on the train, we found Father Giroux, newly come to the prairies, on his way to Rome after twenty-one years in the North—eighteen between the mouth of the Arctic Red River and Herschel Island, to which the whalers of San Francisco annually resort, and three at Fort Providence, fifty miles from where Great Slave Lake empties itself into the Mackenzie. Tyrrell has explored the barren lands west of Hudson Bay, going to Chesterfield Inlet, up the unknown Dubawnt River, meeting Eskimos, photographing thousands of caribou, living for months on raw meat, starving on the coast of the bay, and walking from Fort Churchill to Winnipeg in the depth of winter.

Father Giroux's experience was of another kind. For two decades he was holding aloft the Cross two thousand miles from the fringe of Western Canadian civilization. When conducting the missions at Fort Providence, with its seventy-two Indian school children, his chief yearly anxiety was lest the fish, coming out of the lake to spawn, would not stay in the river long enough to allow the mission men to catch the 36,000 that are necessary to keep his flock alive.

When Father Giroux went north, Edmonton was a frontier post, two hundred miles from a railway station. He returned to find it a famous city, a converging point of three great railways, the noble capital of a province already webbed with telephone wires. The peace and solitude of the North had produced in him a voice of singular quietness. But he was abreast of what had been going on in the world; and he was on his way to Rome to vote in the election of a new General Superior of the Oblates, of whom he is one of the noblest. He was also able to give us news of friends.

"Did you meet Stefansson?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes. I saw him on—let me see—oh, yes, the sixth of July, at Providence. You know Mr. Stefansson?"

"Mr. Tyrrell and I saw him off at Toronto early in May. I didn't expect to hear of him again for eighteen months."

The good Father had also seen Miss Cameron and her

companion, whom I met in Chicago last May, when they were ready for their trip to the north of the Mackenzie. He knew also some of Tyrrell's old Yukon acquaintances.

Dr. Coward and his Choir.

DR. HENRY COWARD, leader of the famous Sheffield Choir, has been the man of the week in this musical city of Toronto. Some of Dr. Coward's pictures—most of those to be seen before his arrival here—would lead one to suppose him to be a big man, physically, with a long, large face and bold, outstanding features. But the great leader is a small man with small features. He is too busy, and has been all his life, to cultivate the outward graces to any marked degree, although he is the personification of good-fellowship and kindly human feeling. He is of the same type as Kipling, and Dr. Grenfell, the noted missionary of the Labrador coast, to whom he bears a striking resemblance. Ruddy-faced, thin and wiry of frame, he is a very dynamo of nervous energy. He is the sort of man that is always on top of his work, and that can never be overwhelmed by any quantity of it. In a world where millions of men do less and poorer work than they might, he stands out as a prince of achievement. In a world where millions of men are losers, through lack of stability, of persistence of effort, of buoyancy of spirit, he stands out conspicuous as a winner. No wonder that in this musical centre he has been given the warmest kind of reception. He deserves it. And he well merits all the praise which has been lavished upon him, in enthusiastically unmeasured terms, by the press and the musical people of Toronto.

As to the members of the Sheffield Choir, it may be said that they are, during their short stay in Canada, strengthening to a remarkable degree the bond between us and the good old Mother Land. Those who have come into personal contact with them have been charmed by their cordiality toward Canadians and the warm family interest they take in the Dominion. If they could only stay longer and get into touch with more people, they would re-awaken our love for England and her traditions, which are our own, immeasurably, and vastly reduce, in the minds of Canadians, the distance between us.

The first thing that a member of the chorus had to say when spoken to was: "My, you keep your buildings terribly hot!" The visitors were astonished at the temperature at which we keep our houses, hotels, and trains. And somehow they gave us the impression—to the dispelling of all our notions about the coldness of English people—that it would be a good thing for us if we perhaps had cooler houses and warmer hearts.

The Thumb Box.

ASPLENDID little art show is in progress in Scott's Galleries, at 124 Yonge street, just above Adelaide, called the Thumb-Box Exhibition. To the unacquainted it may be pointed out that the name implies small things; sketchy, unlabored little bits, done from time to time, possibly with no more outfit or preparation than one of those color boxes, which may be held conveniently on one's thumb. All of the pictures exhibited are small—say, a foot square, and smaller—but their quality and the interest they contain are truly surprising.

From time to time shows have been held that included the little fellows, but not for a very long time has so interesting a collection of small stuff been thrown open for the edification of the public—or rather that section of the public which knows enough to go or can be coaxed into going by someone who knows what is good for it; no admission fee is charged.

Among the names on the pictures are those of many artists well known for their efforts on a larger scale, and in exhibitions of a more pretentious character; the pieces they have sent to this show are indicative of possibilities higher than anything seen in the big shows for many a day. New names among the painters are also in evidence, in such numbers that one need have no fear of a decline in the output of local talent. In some way these little pictures seem to contain more inspiration and life than the recent big things shown; as though the real spirit of the subject evaporated in the process of a deliberate attempt at execution on a larger scale. Certainly, there is a vast amount of paintable material suggested at this show, but whether of a sort that would retain its interesting features in elaboration, or whether the interest is contained for the most part in the mere suggestion, is a question for the future to answer. At any rate, sales have been frequent, and the little paintings, by Canadian artists, all at moderate prices—none over twenty-five dollars—are going out, some to good homes where they will be appreciated, some to cruel, cold, critical company, where they will have to fight for wall space, but all to do their little best toward helping along the good time when even the little children will know the difference (in labor, in skill, in ordinary horse sense) between a chromo and a real hand paintin'.




DOUKHOBORS PLOWING IN NORTHERN MANITOBA

This is not a plowing competition but shows a Doukhobor community in Northern Manitoba turning up the rich prairie sod, the women pulling the plow. Just why the fat horses shown in the picture are not doing the work is what no fellow can understand.

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YACHT CRUISING IN EUROPE

BY FRANK CARREL

The present article concludes Mr. Carrel's interesting travel talk series. It deals with the Eternal City—Rome.

THE distance from Naples to Rome is 155 miles, and the fare \$4.50, with \$1.20 extra charge for excess baggage, bringing the total up to \$5.70, or nearly four cents per mile, which is considerably more than Canadian railway fares. There are three kinds of trains, *de luxe*, first class and omnibus. I had purchased a second class ticket on the first class train, so that I was really travelling third class, which will give one an idea of the heavy charge which must be made for those travelling on the *de luxe* or first class fares.

The trains, judging from the one I journeyed in, are uncomfortably crowded, with barely any perceptible difference in condition between the first class and the second class travellers. The compartment cars had floors that never seemed to have been washed and were filled with occupants that seemed to have no scruples about expectorating on them and keeping the windows closed and the steam on, so that the stuffiness of those small compartments, with six or eight persons in them, was anything but pleasant. Our compartment was filled with men who had no hesitation about smoking, and the odor of the mixture of cigarette smoke was very aggravating. Out of self-protection I had to puff away with the rest of my travelling companions and bide my time every now and again to open the window with the apparent object of letting out the smoke, but in reality to let in the fresh air.

We had a dining car on our train, and I thought they had a very good system established in soliciting passengers for meals. The conductor came around giving each person desirous of taking a meal a small slip bearing the number of his seat and table which he was to occupy in the car, which I thought was a very advanced system of being assured a seat at meal hours. But as there was no way of getting to the dining car but by jumping out at one of the stations our train stopped at, I accordingly performed this task twice, only to find the door of the dining car locked and to be informed by an

official that there was no more room. On both occasions I had barely time to get back to my seat before the train was off again. When I finally got inside the car, lunch was all over and I had to be satisfied with a pleasant intimation from the conductor that he had kept my seat all the while without the knowledge that I was trying to get into the car to fill it. Experience teaches one many things in Europe.

The country between Naples and Rome is very uninteresting. We passed several towns, a stretch of poor and unkempt vineyards and many mountains with snow-clad peaks. Perhaps the most interesting sight of all was the ruins of the old Roman Aqueduct, running out of Rome, which stretches for miles along the railway track near the city.

WE arrived in the eternal city at about three o'clock in the afternoon, under the most favorable auspices, and I can never exactly express the surprise with which I scanned everything as I left the station and waited for the bus, while the porter took my trunk check, and keys to the baggage room, in case a demand of investigation might be made by the inspectors—a very annoying practice in Italy, even though you have come from a city in the same country, but which has to be endured like many other official inconveniences. I stood in a wide street with splendid rows of houses running on the opposite side, and in every direction I looked I saw large numbers of well-dressed people, beautiful carriages, automobiles, and fine modern electric cars. All of which made it hard to realize that I was still in Italy. It seemed like a dream, because, if it was Italy, Naples and its surrounding towns and villages did not appear to belong to it. Rome seemed a separate territory, as distinct and different in every shape and form from the rest of the country as night is from day.

As I drove to my hotel, the Excelsior, not quite complete, but a marvel of perfection and grandeur, I passed wide, clean streets, more like boulevards, with walks thirty feet wide lined with rows of well-kept trees, and in an atmosphere that was more like Sunday in my native country

than anything I had seen since leaving home. There were a few stores open, but only a few. And never did I see a better groomed city population than I did on the streets of Rome that day; nor was I accosted once by a cabman or mendicant of any sort, and I was in ecstasies with all I saw. There are hundreds of hotels and every one of them is as clean and tempting to the traveller as a modern well-kept dairy is to a thirsty wayfarer. I never realized that luxury and comfort could be so worked into blocks of colossal brown stone as I found within my hotel when I entered. The whole of the ground floor is divided into four immense rooms or halls with marble walls and floors, of varied colors, and only separated one from the other by massive glass doors, which glide open and shut at the slightest touch. The furnishings are in perfect harmony with the fixtures. The floors are covered with rich Turkish rugs, many of which are fifty or sixty feet long and correspondingly wide, which gives an idea of the spaciousness of the rooms. There are apartments for each room, all dressed in handsome uniforms, and speaking three or four languages, so that guests from almost all countries of Europe are catered to. The dining room and the whole effect on this ground floor is so fairy-like that it is not surprising to find one revelling in its enchanting appearance.

As I sat in the dining room and watched those who followed me in, I noticed they all did as I did—stopped on the threshold and gazed admiringly on the brilliant scene. The coloring of the dining room is yellow and gold—not too much of either—with pale grey Turkish rugs solidly joined together upon an inlaid wooden flooring. Each table has candelabra of electric lamps, and from the ceiling hang crystal chandeliers with hundreds of small lights, casting a beautiful effect upon the yellow marble and gilded mouldings of the opposite walls. This room has another adjoining it, of equal proportions, ready for dancing or meetings, and between the two is an orchestra, whose members are dressed in rich red uniforms. Even these costumes have been selected with taste, to make an effect between the two magnificent halls of splendor. There are two other rooms equally as large, completing the first floor, and divided into a series of connecting rooms, all, as I have said, different in design and decoration, furnishings and color, and yet harmoniously blending in brilliancy, making a general *tout ensemble* restful to the eye of the guest, tired from travel or from a day's sight-seeing in and around Rome.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

Of nervous prostration we hear much nowadays, and it is comforting to know that there are places specially equipped and located for combating this phase of modern life. On the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway System, at St. Catharines, Ontario, are located the curative Saline Springs, known as the "St. Catharines Well." Connected with the Springs is "The Welland," where treatments for nervous prostration, rheumatism, etc., are given by skilled attendants in charge of a resident physician.

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Lady Gay's Column

I WAS struck one day lately, in reading over an English paper, with the tone of flippancy in which events were mentioned which should, I could not help thinking, be otherwise approached. It was a big paper, and costs a big price, and, therefore, must be dressed in fashion to suit the moneyed and upper classes of England. One of the paragraphs was in reference to the recent jailing of the noisy and disorderly women who create disturbances by way of interesting the public in woman franchise. The idea was put forth that the jailing of Suffragettes was doing away with the disgrace of going to prison. It is on a par with the notion that the only sin is "being found out." The mere going to jail is the punishment, but the disgrace is in deserving to go; and the Suffragettes who need to be sent to jail are lowered and disgraced, not by their punishment, but by the acts which led to it. As they are posing as martyrs and being wined and dined by their followers on their release, perhaps a good fat fine would be more beneficial than incarceration, at all events to the nation at large.

Here is an opinion from an Englishwoman of title on a certain state of affairs, which some of our experiences in Canada have led us to hear with a certain appreciation: "The pampered, conceited and dishonest British workman is the Old Man of the Sea of these islands," writes the aforesaid peeress; "and I don't think he will be shaken off. Honor and honesty and industry are simply words, that have no meaning for him, and religion will soon, at this rate, become a dead letter, so what can one expect? He has the vote, and it only remains for him to give it to women, and the *debacle* will be complete." This is an unsolicited testimony from the inside, which some of the specimens of the so-called British workman which we have welcomed to our midst amply justify. Add to these attractions a hearty contempt for Colonials, and a firm conviction that they are honored even by that, and one may recognize various recent acquaintances among the horny-handed set.

In happy contrast to the "workmen" aforesaid, I should like to call attention to the very much improved tone one remarks in the large shops which are employing many recently-arrived young women and men from the British Isles—or rather from Scotland and Ireland. Marie Cahill's laughable sketch of the lady in charge of the ribbon counter is unfortunately to life like and true that one can duplicate it now and then in Toronto. But just keep your eyes open and notice how the type is fading away, like shoddy and worthless goods in the sun. Instead, one meets a soft-voiced Irish girl, who knows not the allurements of chewing gum—a practical-toned Scotch girl, who loses no time in arranging her brows and detailing her intrigues with her fellow clerk. There is a counter at which we love to buy, for the treat of courteous attendance and the rich soft brogue of a ready-faced clerk who comes from Tyrone! And I've got a Dublin colleen with wise eyes, who waits upon me with a quaint seriousness, instead of pitching a blouse across the table to me, and talking over her shoulders to a valiant Johnnie who has dared the bargain counter to make eyes at her. The brogue and the burr and the quiet, attentive, polite young men and women are a real treat after the sort we've put up with before they came to town.

A funny touch, in connection with this matter was a remark I heard in a large shop in London last August, when a lady said, "Oh, my dear, one doesn't get the courtesy and attention one used to, nowadays. The shop people have been completely ruined by the Americans." At that very moment I was thinking that the toady type, the bowing obsequious person of old times had happily disappeared, and that the present-day clerk—male or female—seemed just to have struck a happy medium. So you can't please everyone! It is, however, rather embarrassing when one searches in vain for just what one wants, and finally gives up, to be told resentfully by the saleswoman that you have bought nothing, wasted half an hour of her time, and probably earned her a rebuke from a vigilant floor-walker, not to mention the fact that she sells on

commission. All this was hurled at me one afternoon, and left me speechless with dismay, until my English friend came to the rescue by putting up her glasses, calmly eyeing the angry saleswoman from top to toe, and remarking very slowly and gently, "Dear me! What a most unpleasant person."

I heard a dear little song a few days ago, which may or may not be known here. "Oh! Don't you love the eyes that come from Ireland?" is its sweet beginning. And I hear of another, "Absent," by John Metcalf, which is described as very "small and sweet," by an accomplished musician who heard it in England a few weeks ago. Perhaps some of my musical friends will be glad of the names of such songs.

There was a dear old house I used to love to spend an hour or two in, whenever I had time. A gentle mistress ruled therein, and her sweet and genial influence seemed to permeate everything; even the sofa cushions and the soft creak of the big rocking chair were peaceful and soothing and kind. She went her way into the beyond, and the other day I went to the old house to call upon her who has stepped into her place. The very moment the door opened on a new parquette flooring instead of the sheeny shimmering silver grey prayer-rug on the wide oaken boards, I felt that more than the dear old friend had left the dear old house. There were crisp paper shades on the old silver candlesticks and a Jap bead portiere on the wide parlor doorway—and within, oh! desecration and dismay! a flowered velvet carpet, and big roses on the silken furniture covering, and fussy little frilly things over the window-panes, and a very new wicker tea-table with tiny cups and a saucy bouquet, and in place of the little log fire, a gleaming gas-grate! The new queen matched the room, and was agonizingly up-to-date, and I went out from her presence, very hot and discomfited, and unreasonable and sad. Life has so few of the dear old refuges left that one regrets the loss of even one of them.

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Column

The above COLUMN must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. 5. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Chelca.—Great imagination, and a speculative turn, some tenacity and nervous energy, a trace of vanity, harmless but evident, an optimistic temperament, good intuition (for a man), no desire to rule, but an airy disapproval of being controlled, strong affection and no aesthetic bent. Are you a person? You have some of the making of a successful one.

Christopher.—Well, I hope your patience has held out! Your letter was unaccountably side-tracked. Please extend your forgiveness. Don't you have fancies concerning Lady Gay? She's not a "rebel" in any sense, for laws of all sorts rest so lightly on her that she "don't have to be." In fact, she is often akin to a sheep in the stupid way she allows herself to be put upon. What's the use of kicking? Your birthday brings you under Aquarius, and your writing indicates a splendid development of that very interesting and attractive sign. To be thrilled by the spirit of peace and gentleness in nature sounds good, but I'd leave out the thrill. Just let it gently steep us to the limit. Your writing is full of life and interest, bright, decided and admirably concrete. You think ahead, and your logic, if not strictly connected, is generally correct. The man who writes this hand would never be long without influencing others, the magical Aquarius power is strong in him. There is quick sympathy, affection, determination and conscience in these lines. A taste of self-esteem also does them no harm. Originality of method is a pleasant trait, combined with the snap and go that bring success.

Topaz.—Perhaps you've found him by this time. I don't suppose four years in that remote city has given you much experience or that your writing has changed greatly. What is your greatest fault? Oh, that's easy. Writing for a second delineation. Your other questions, my jewel, are too screamingly silly.

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Send them to some other sort of an Editor. No, I've never been up your way. Some day, however, I shall do myself the pleasure of getting acquainted with the West. Then, if you aren't absorbed in trying to return someone else's love, perhaps I'd have a chance.

Mrs. Giddygaddy.—Yes, those dressing-up days were fun! I can feel my feet tangled up in the long skirt as I write. Your writing gives no limit of such pranks. It is strong and clever, full of thought and purpose, and apt to look to the end, clearly and steadfastly. A fine hand. At the same time, it needs control and discipline and the touch of spirituality one misses so often in the grand writing of up-to-date girls. Plenty of head, plenty of heart, but that touch which lacks! Heigho! You are a splendid girl, if writing does not lie, and barring the crudeness of exuberant youth, have little to change to make a fine woman. "What handwriting indicates," by John Rexford, The Knickerbocker Press, New York, is a book which would probably suit you. It can be had from Tyrrell, King street, Toronto, for \$1.50. It is much clearer and more useful to the student of the science of graphology than others I had perused.

Gustavus.—Don't know the Equator, but have a nodding acquaintance with the Arctic Snow Line. It's fine. I should like some more of your experiences, if they are writeable. Your writing shows concentration, mannerism, tenacity, rather clear mentality, care for detail, and neat and concise method. Your birthdate brings you under Capricorn, the sign above all others delighting in decorum, ceremony and the fitness of things, with rather a leaning to the solid and showy tones. You think well of yourself, and have reason, being both intellectually and physically active, and, while without any liking for direction or manipulation, have great respect for law and order. There is clarity and facility of expression and much love of justice in your lines. It is a material hand, as Capricorn often is, but adaptable and courageous.

Foxy.—Time is the only thing I lack. Forgive the long time between drinks. I, too, suffer from thirst.

Aviemore Beauty.—Perhaps this will catch your eye. Only time's shortness prevents an immediate reply. You did not get the end of that story, did you? The invalid had to hop out of bed, and get spirituous restoratives for the panic-stricken visitor. I don't believe I told that. Love to everyone. And be sure I'll do a mother's part—or a better one—by the child. I can see myself!

Claudia.—It is a good little specimen, but one mustn't take it finally. Time will do lots of things to it, before it is finished. In the meantime it is not suitable for study.

Margot.—'Tis a light and untrue saying, my dear, that "no man can be his own judge, least of all his own doomsman." For that is just what each of us is—no use denying it. Give the matter a new look in this light. And so you, yourself, are



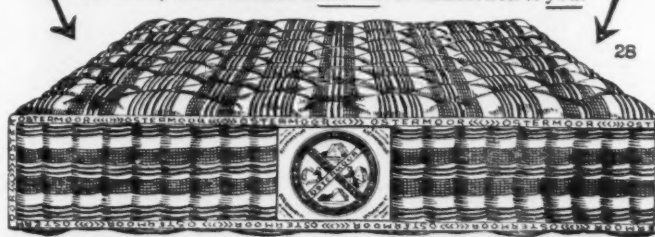
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she who pronounces on your writing—I only make it audible. July 31 brings you under Leo—a fire sign, strong to a marvel, and high and brilliant, or low and debased to an unusual degree. The Leo folk have ardent natures, exacting and enthusiastic, or on the contrary another development shows lazy purring content, and a love of comfort very tame and feline. I should give you more of the active types, judging

from your writing, which is nervously forceful, a little grasping, tactful, but illogical, fond of expressing rather than acting your thought. You have grace and facility of tongue, strong conservatism, love of family, and tradition, and a light, determined, but at times erratic purpose. A general *bon homie* and some adaptability. You are approachable, but proud, and strong enough to be philosophical even when pessimistic.



INFORMATION WANTED.

To obtain some information
On a subject next your heart,
And perhaps a revelation
Of the fascinating art,
To see "Girls" one night you hurried
And a good front seat you got;
But you went home rather worried,
Was it meant for farce, or what?

While the principals are splendid—
They seem just like girls you know—
When the thingumbob has ended
And you thoughtful homeward go,
Then a sort of helpless feeling
Gets you, owing to the fact
That there's not a hint revealing
Why the girls so strangely act.

Now, you know the thing is clever
And the repartee is rich,
But there's not one word whatever—
(Not the usual style of Fitch)
Not one sure plan is presented
How to charm the gentler sex.
You must simply be contented
With your fate, to please or vex.

When a lady's rather wilful,
(Not to use a term still worse)
If you're crafty, fearless, skillful,
Just insist on the reverse
Of your own most cherished wishes,
Then you'll sometimes get your way.
"If you miss—why, you miss!"
More than this he does not say.

You must take what satisfaction
Out of this advice you can,
Knowing that this mode of action
Shows the thoughts of a mere man.
And of this much you feel certain—
If the ladies had their will,
Every time they raised the curtain
There'd be some slight change of bill.

ASHTAR.

"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL" is the attraction selected to follow "The Mikado" at the Royal Alexandra, starting Saturday matinee. During the past week the popularity of the home organization has increased to a large degree owing to the fine presentation of "The Mikado," and to those who have been watching the various productions of the Imperial Opera Company it will be apparent their offering of "The Bohemian Girl" will be one of beauty and musical cleverness.

The story of "The Bohemian Girl" is ingenious. A band of gypsies are straying near the castle of Arnheim, when a young Pole, Thaddeus appears, closely pursued by soldiers. Taking a fancy to him, Devilshoof, their leader, invites him to join their band. He consents, dons the Gypsy dress and his pursuers pass without recognizing him. Directly after, Count Arnheim, with his attendants, sally out from the castle on a hunting excursion; but is speedily recalled by the news that his little daughter, Arline, has been wounded by a deer. Thaddeus saves her from death, and her father invites him into the castle, to partake of a hunter's feast. Everything progresses merrily until someone proposes the health of the Emperor of Austria. Thaddeus will not drink it, and, when pressed to do so, dashes his wine cup to pieces. The enraged nobles are about to dispatch him, when Devilshoof rushes to the rescue. He is disarmed, taken prisoner, and confined in an upper room of the castle. From this he escapes, and, in revenge carries little Arline off to the woods.

An interval of twelve years then elapses and the thread of the story is again taken up in a gypsy camp in the environs of Presburg on the eve of a fair. Devilshoof and his companions rob Florestein, who is a nephew of Count Arnheim. Thaddeus and Arline, who has grown to be a beautiful woman are in love with one another. Arline relates to Thaddeus a dream in which she imagines herself the inhabitant of a splendid castle. Thaddeus relates to her a portion of her earlier history. They are interrupted by the Gypsy Queen, who is jealous of Arline, and in love with Thaddeus. Later Florestein sees Arline and is impressed with her beauty. The Gypsy Queen, noting this, slips a medalion belonging to Florestein over Arline's neck. Florestein recognizes the medalion as his own and causes Arline to be arrested and brought before the Count Arnheim. Arnheim recognizes his daughter and takes her with him. Later Thaddeus visits her. They are interrupted by the Count, who is furious at finding the low-born lover with his daughter. She calmly avows her unchangeable attachment to Thaddeus. The latter then explains to the Count that he is of high born rank, and, having been obliged to leave his native land, assumed the life and habits of the gypsy to insure his safety. This explanation pleases everyone except the Gypsy Queen, who orders a gypsy to shoot Thaddeus, but the weapon of death is turned aside by Devilshoof and Thaddeus is saved.

The cast of the "The Bohemian Girl" will be Miss Agnes Cain Brown as Arline, Miss Violet Colby as the Queen of the Gypsies, Miss Helen Ormonde as Buda, Clarence Harvey as Florestein, Harry Girard as the

Count of Arnheim, Harry Starborough as Thaddeus, W. H. Pringle as Devilshoof, Chief of the Gypsies, R. T. Jones as the Captain of the Guard.

At Shea's Theatre next week, the newest, biggest and best of all elaborate "girl" acts will be seen, in Joseph Hart's latest success, "The Bathing Girls." Other acts included in the big bill are: Robert Henry Hodge & Co., Helena Fredericks, Stanley and Russell, Franco Piper, Quinn & Mitchell, Wills and Hassan, and the Kinetograph.

There will be two plays at the Princess next week. On Monday night Blanche Walsh will appear there in the Sardou drama, "The Test," which will be given four performances, including a matinee on Wednesday. For the latter half of the week the attraction will be "The Wolf," which has met with success in New York.

The announcement from Paris that Victorien Sardou had written his last work for stage production did not come as a surprise to Miss Blanche Walsh, who, several months ago, received the play for reading. With it, the author sent a note, from which the following is taken:

"Dear Miss Walsh: I have seen you in others of my plays, and believe that you, better than anyone else, can fit the role around which I have woven my story. I will afford



BLANCHE WALSH

who comes to the Princess Theatre next Monday in the new Sardou play, "The Test."

you, first of all, the opportunity of declaring whether it will be Miss Blanche Walsh who will be the great actress to be seen in my farewell effort."

Miss Walsh, who is a great admirer of Sardou, sent a reply in which she thanked him for his kindness, regretted she could not accept the honor, and continued:

"I believe I am playing the greatest role I ever had in my life in 'The Test.' At any length, the New York critics think so, and it would be foolish for me to think otherwise in the view of the fact the production is creating a sensation."

The production will be looked forward to with much interest.

In "The Wolf," which comes to the Princess on Thursday evening, the action begins in the morning and is ended at sunset of the same day, in the Hudson Bay country. The villain is an American adventurer, named MacDonald; the hero a young French-Canadian, named Jules Beaubine; and the heroine, the yellow-haired daughter of a narrow-minded Scotchman named McTavish, whose wife fled from him, leaving a daughter Hilda. MacDonald is a scoundrel, but not a coward.

When the curtain is rung up on the first act, which shows the exterior of McTavish's cabin, it develops that MacDonald has betrayed a sister of Beaubine. He eventually becomes a rival of Beaubine's for the love of the Scotchman's daughter. MacDonald, by a lie, tricks the Scotchman into an agreement to allow Hilda to go with him to the United States. Young Beaubine, who loves Hilda, denounces MacDonald as the betrayer of his sister. This occurs in the second act and is one of the strongest scenes in the play. The act closes with the

Frenchman carrying off Hilda. The last act discloses Hilda and Beaubine and their companions resting at the portage of Little Bear River. The villain is in pursuit. Hilda and Beaubine make their troth, then he consigns her to the care of his faithful companion and awaits MacDonald. There is a struggle in the dark and Beaubine kills the adventurer.

The second attraction of the Dickens Fellowship Lyceum Course will be a lecture-recital by Prof. Paul M. Pearson, entitled "Some American Humorists," at Association Hall, on Tuesday evening, November 17. Mr. Pearson is Professor of Public Speaking at Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania, and is known as "America's Leading Lecture-Recitalist."

At Chautauqua Institution, New York, Prof. Pearson has appeared twelve times, while at Old Salem Chautauqua, Illinois, he has given no less than seventeen recitals. This will be Prof. Pearson's first appearance in Toronto. The reserved seat plan is now open at Nordheimer's.

The "Girls from Happyland," who will make their appearance at the Gayety next week, are this season presenting the antics and familiar comedy stunts of Billy W. Watson, who for many years has portrayed the principal character in "Me, Him and I." The management is congratulating itself upon securing the services of this comedian, who is looked upon as a show by himself. No introduction is necessary, as Watson is well known and gifted with that sort of humor which appeals most strongly to patrons of the burlesque houses. In the offering of the "Girls from Happyland," full swing has been given him, and it is needless to say that he takes advantage of every possible point, with the result that the audiences find themselves in convulsions of laughter during the entire entertainment.

"Girls," the Clyde Fitch farce, given at the Princess this week, is very diverting, and well acted. The dialogue, however, contains a certain amount of vulgar repartee which ought to be eliminated. Morality aside, it is not even good business to introduce barber-shop jocularities in a theatrical offering intended for the amusement of intelligent people.

Florence Reed, Ruth Maycliffe, and Amy Ricard impersonate the roles of the three man-hating girls agreeably and effectively. Miss Reed is the leader of the little coterie, but little Miss Maycliffe, as a fetching ingenue, provides most of the merriment. Charles Cherry, who stems the tide of the girls' anti-masculine proclivities, fills his role very acceptably. John Cumberland, as the law clerk who detests women but finally succumbs to the charms of one of the young ladies, is most amusing. The other members of the cast sustain their roles canably.

The popular verdict will be that "Girls" is a thoroughly amusing farce; and a good farce is an excellent thing to have around occasionally.

An important recent dramatic event is the production in the United States of Mr. Israel Zangwill's latest play, "The Melting Pot." Mr. Zangwill, who has rendered such sterling assistance to the cause of Zionism, and who was one of the early advocates of Women's Suffrage, is a hard-working, though not prolific, author. His aspirations are of the highest, but he is, withal, of a most practical turn of mind.

"I admire 'The Children of the Ghetto' so much," a gushing lady once observed to him, "that I have read it six times!"

"Madam," replied the author, "I would rather you had bought six copies."

Some time after J. M. Barrie took to writing plays instead of novels, there was considerable gossip in England to the effect that he had a dramatic assistant. And in a recent issue The London Morning Post has this to say on the subject:

"In most, if not all, of his more recent plays, Mr. Barrie is known to have had the assistance of the late Mr. Addison Bright, on whose death some feared that Mr. Barrie would write plays no more. It is not at all necessary to suppose that 'Mr. Bright's' share in the business emitted him to be regarded as part author, but the combination was rich in result. Whatever Mr. Bright did or did not do, he did one thing of which

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your ordinary playwright is almost invariably incapable. He recognized Mr. Barrie's peculiar quality and was careful to preserve it. Mr. Barrie is, we take it, essentially a novelist, and not a dramatist. His plays, delightful as they are, have never shown the largeness of vision and simplicity of treatment of the true dramatist. His mind runs more on tactics than on strategy. He does not so much construct a bridge—and every great drama has the lines of a bridge—as lay down stepping-stones. When he has tackled a definite flesh-and-blood problem, and has attempted to work it out in accordance with established dramatic principles—as in "The Wedding Guest"—he has been least successful and least himself. When he has gone his own way his work has been notable, as in "The Admirable Crichton"—the last act of which is derivative of drama—and "Peter Pan," in which what drama there is is pure 'spoof.' Happily, Mr. Barrie, after a long period of silence, has again put forth a play. It would be interesting to know, but perhaps impertinent to inquire, whether he has received assistance from another, or who that other is. Certainly it is difficult to detect in "What Every Woman Knows" any alien hand."

It is little wonder that American composers turn a deaf ear to the resonant call of the grand opera stage for new tragic music when they hear that Henry W. Savage has paid \$110,000 in royalties for the first nine months of Lehar's "The Merry Widow" in America.

The current number of the Scene Illustrata, of Rome, tells this story of the first Napoleon as a dramatic writer. The young man had seen a performance of "The Cid," which impressed him so forcibly that he decided to write a classic drama. Within a short time he had finished nearly four acts of a play, which he entitled "Hector." Then came his election as a brigadier-general and the manuscript was thrown into a desk, where he found it again by chance in 1805. Napoleon then sent for Luce de Lancival, gave him the manuscript and directed him to finish the play. This was done, but the players refused to accept it. When Napoleon returned to Paris from the coronation at Naples he learned of the contemptuous manner in which his work had been treated. He demanded the manuscript and wrote across it: "The players of the Comedie Francaise will produce the tragedy which in their stupidity they rejected. Napoleon." Two hours later the work was accepted; in three weeks it was produced before a brilliant audience, declared a success, and the alleged author was decorated with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor.

It will be interesting to note the mediums in which theatrical stars of varying degrees of magnitude, well known in Canada, are appearing this season. Here are a few: John Drew, in "Jack Straw," now running in New York; Frizzi Scheff, in "The Prima Donna," a new American comic opera, by Messrs. Blossom and Hebert; Maude Adams, in J. M. Barrie's delightful new comedy, "What Every Woman Knows"; Ethel Barrymore, in "Lady Frederick"; William H. Crane, in "Father and the Boys"; Frank Daniels, in "Hook of Holland"; Marie Doro, in "The Richest Girl"; Kyrle Bellew, in "The Thief"; Hattie Williams, in "Fluffy Ruffles"; Robert Mantell, in Louis XI. and repertoire; William Lackaye, in Cleveland Moffet's play "The Battle."

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RETURNED from regions of the sun
Where many things are beatific,
(Though trolleys buzz and "rattlers" run
Along the marge of the Pacific),
I hear again the Prompter's bell
And see again the rising curtain,
And wonder if the magic spell
I used to know is here for certain.

The magic spell, I mean to say,
That used to make the stage refreshing,
When ev'ry lass was "Rose of May,"
And many an actor was a blessing.
Sweet time! when eyes and hopes were bright
And strength and courage never faded
And friendships fond and spirits light
And not one leaf of joy had faded!

'Twould be a comfort, more or less,
To find one bit of charm remaining,
That might, at least, disguise the mess
Of prattling, posturing and feigning;
But everywhere the same old tune
Is ground out in the same old fashion,
And nothing 'neath the sun or moon
Can prompt a smile or stir a passion.

The theme is still domestic strife—
That ancient clash of good and evil!
One man allures another's wife,
And sin is favored by The Devil!
And crowds of gabies flock to gaze
Upon the casuistic cooling
Of sensuous fools, in folly's maze,
Pursuant of their own undoing.

Here's Drew—carnation gone to seed!
Stout Irwin, with her pond'rous antic;
A Daly, of the faddy breed;
And burly Hackett, the "romantic";
B. B.—of all the bees the Queen;
Maxine, the vapid and the natty;
Old Mr. D. T. Evergreen;
And Russell, trying to be Patti.
—William Winter, in New York Tribune.

"What will we do when the trees are destroyed?" asked the forestry experts. "I suppose," answered the serenely solemn statesman after some thought, "that in such an event we will be obliged to depend for wood entirely on the lumber yards."—Washington Star.

Tenement Tessie—And de novel says de heroine had a willowy form, used to pine for her lover and would spruce up when she seen him coming froo de gate. Shanty Sue—Gee! where did she work—in a sawmill?—Chicago Daily News.

Blobbs—Bjones is the most unlucky fellow at cards I ever met. Slobbs—Then I suppose he is lucky in love. Blobbs—I suppose so. At any rate he has never been married. —Philadelphia Record.

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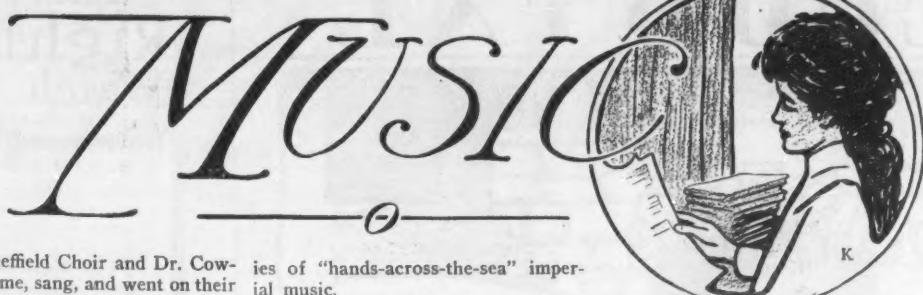
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THE Sheffield Choir and Dr. Coward came, sang, and went on their way, leaving musical Toronto divided into two camps. One is not asked, "How did you enjoy the Sheffield Choir?" but, "How does the Sheffield Choir compare with the Mendelssohn?" While comparisons may be odious, they are also inevitable, for it is chiefly by comparison that the average human being gets his pleasure. We seem to have lost—perhaps we never had it—the gift of enjoying a thing solely for itself. It must be bigger, or faster, or more expensive, before we dare like it. There were those that said, "Wait until you hear the Sheffield Choir before you dare say what choral singing is," and those that spoke a those that waited still hold their previous opinions, so no harm is done as each knows what he likes. But it was surprising to find so many desirous of seeing the pride of the Mendelssohn humbled. Why, I don't know, as their success has done more for the prestige of Toronto than almost anything else. It was these that prophesied dire things before the New York trip, and now they are awarding the palm to the Sheffield Choir. I am glad to say that this was not the spirit in which Dr. Coward came, nor the spirit in which Dr. Vogt received him. Therefore, to each one his good pleasure.

To have heard the Sheffield Choir and to have seen and known Dr. Coward are privileges we all ought to be most deeply thankful for. Henry Coward is one of the world's great men, worthy to rank with the best of those that have striven for the happiness and betterment of their fellowmen. His master work is the great choral union that has rescued Oratorio from the slough into which it had fallen. No matter what their manner of singing may be, their devotion and enthusiasm are most inspiring. What magnificent *esprit de corps* was shown at the opening concert, when worn by the Ottawa experience, a long railway journey, lost luggage and other discomforts, they followed the baton of their beloved leader with a noble fervor that was electrifying. How beautifully they sang the wonderful music of the "Messiah," giving new meanings to all the often heard phrases! To one who remembers choral singing in England fifteen or twenty years ago, the change wrought by Dr. Coward seems miraculous. They sang it as though they really believed what the words say, and as if they wanted us to know and believe the glad tidings they were bringing. Then the lightness and grace of Fanning's "Moonlight" and the tonal contrasts of Jackson's "Sister of the Sea," showed what they could do in part songs.

ON Friday Night the excerpts from "Elijah" again proved their right to be called the greatest singers of Oratorio in the world. Here, again, one got a practical demonstration of Dr. Coward's motto: "The words and their meaning." Judging from the patriotic intensity with which they interpreted Dr. Richardson's arrangement of Lavette's "O Canada," one might have thought them sons and daughters of the Dominion.

Saturday afternoon's programme was made up of repetitions of the smaller works given at the previous concert, but the singers had recovered so much of their lost vitality that the numbers seemed new. With Saturday night came the first serious disappointment. Those who know Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" were surprised when it was announced for performance without an orchestra. Elgar is far from his best when writing for voices, and in this epoch-making work the soloists and chorus are more or less accessories, the drama is developed symphonically. The long passages for the solo tenor are weak and ineffective without orchestral support, and the chorus went quite astray, despite the earnest efforts of the pianist to hold them or lead them back. For a time an absolute collapse seemed inevitable. It was a mistaken sense of kindness to attempt the work at all under the circumstances, as even the "Demon's Chorus" was saved from the ridiculous only by the sincerity of Dr. Coward and the choir. Under the direction of Dr. Vogt the female voices sang his Indian Lullaby delightfully. It was charming to see the good will of their conductor reflected in the faces of the singers while they were singing this number. Other part songs completed the work of the chorus in this remarkable series

of "hands-across-the-sea" imperial music.

OF the soloists one cannot speak so enthusiastically, with the exception of Miss Breare and Mr. Charlesworth, both of whom scored genuine successes. Miss Breare's voice is pure and flexible, infallible in intonation, and controlled by a thoughtful brain. Her "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth" was devout and convincing, but she has not the requisite dramatic fibre for "Hear ye, Israel!" The three ballads she gave Thursday night, although charmingly sung, were not of sufficient importance to bear repetition on Saturday night's programme.

Mr. Charlesworth fortunately recovered from his indisposition of Thursday night, and gave a fine account of himself Friday in "Elijah," and on Saturday as the Priest in "Gerontius" and the "Prologue from Paggiacci," which earned him two very enthusiastic recalls.

Mr. Brearely has a beautiful voice and sang the "Messiah" music well, but he was not so satisfactory in "Elijah," and was seriously handicapped by the absence of orchestra in the "Gerontius" number. It was rather surprising to hear the pianist give him his entrance note each time—one expects better musicianship from one of England's foremost oratorio tenors.

Miss Lonsdale failed to maintain the reputation that preceded her. Neither her voice or her temperament are suited to the work allotted her.

Mr. Peacock was the favorite of the auxiliary soloists, and was heartily applauded for his singing of "Why do the Nations," when he substituted for Mr. Charlesworth. He was also recalled many times at the matinee, and his sonorous voice was much in evidence in the choruses Saturday night.

Dr. Coward's judgment was seriously at fault when he allowed part of the matinee programme to be turned into a pupils' recital. If these be fair samples of what the climate of Yorkshire can do in the way of voices, poor abused Ontario can again hold up her head. We have here in Toronto a large number of sopranos with voices of unusual quality, and so superior to Miss Coward and Miss Frankish, that if these be the best of the treble section, Dr. Coward has indeed wrought miracles with his material. Miss North was more acceptable, and Mr. Burrows except for lapses into a nasal tone, was fairly pleasing. Mr. Staton showed by his excellent work at the piano that he is a thorough musician, and cannot be praised too highly.

HOW does the Sheffield Choir compare with the Mendelssohn? I had no thought of comparing them even before they came. From time to time I have had with me at concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir friends from England, one a native of Sheffield, and they have all agreed that Dr. Vogt and his chorus were not to be called the best of an old order of choral singing but a startling departure, and consequently there could not be comparison. Dr. Coward has inspired his singers with a love of singing for its own sake, while Dr. Vogt has taken the best material he could find, and by persistent adherence to an ideal has brought his choir to a state of perfection that makes comparison as futile as it would be to try to compare volunteers and regulars. Each man and each choir are great in their own way, but the ways are widely different. I have never heard anything like the Mendelssohn, but I have heard a number of choruses like the Sheffield, although it stands in a class by itself.

THE Toronto Symphony Orchestra has added greatly to its reputation by the work it did under the baton of Dr. Coward. It may be fairly said that the work that Mr. Welsman has done with the orchestra is far more remarkable than the work required to bring the Sheffield Choir to its present state. One cannot put a violin or a horn into the hands of the most enthusiastic tyro and get anything but a disagreeable noise, and with the exception of a few of the players, Mr. Welsman has had to get his results from inexperienced amateurs; and to have brought them to the state of efficiency they showed at these concerts stamps Mr. Welsman as first rate musician and a wonderful drill-master.

For the first concert of this season, Mr. Welsman has chosen a fine programme: The Schubert unfinished Symphony, Weber's "Euryanthe Overture," Dvorak's Slavonic Dances, and the Berlioz Rakoczy March from the "Damnation of Faust." Mme. Galski will be the soloist, singing "Dich Theure Halle" for the first number and a group of songs including Schubert's "Erl King" in the second part. December 8 is the date announced for the concert.

THE first concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra took place last Monday evening at Carnegie Hall before an audience that filled the house. Of the performance Mr. Henderson, the musical critic of the New York Sun, says: "Walter Damrosch has labored indefatigably to bring the Symphony Orchestra to its present state of excellence, with the result that the city now has a thoroughly good orchestra, well balanced, of solid and opulent tonal quality and fairly drilled in the essentials of performance, as might have been noted in the suave and graceful treatment of the slow movement of the Beethoven symphony. Again, in the Debussy prelude the orchestra played with a richness of color and a beautifully balanced body of tone such as are always sources of delight to lovers of orchestral music."

This is the organization that has been engaged for the National Chorus concerts here on January 18 and 19 at the Massey Hall, and will on the first evening play Elgar's "First Symphony," which will be the premier performance of this great work in Canada.

DR. BROOME and the choir of the Jarvis street Baptist church gave a most creditable performance of Elgar's "Light of Life," last Monday. The work is very difficult, and is a severe strain on the soloist and the chorus, but the results show Mr. Broome to be an excellent conductor. Of the soloists, perhaps, Miss Van Horne is entitled to first place. She is a very artistic singer and a fine, musically interpreter. Mr. Ross was in good voice and sang his numbers with telling effect. Mr. Bradley had a cold that interfered slightly when he wished to make the broader effects. His voice and style are essentially lyrical, and Elgar rarely allows his singers an opportunity for that. Miss Knight has a beautiful voice and sang her solos well.

CENTRAL Methodist church was crowded when the choir gave their Thanksgiving concert. Dr. Anger opened the programme with a beautiful tone poem by Sibelius entitled "Finlandia." A charming effect was obtained by the singing of Stainer's anthem, "Ye Shall Dwell in the Land," antiphonally, the quartette standing in the chancel. The soloists of the choir each contributed a number, Miss Palen sang Braga's "Angel Serenade" with a violin obbligato played by Mr. Ernest Johnson. Miss Palen has just the right quality of voice to do this song justice. Mrs. Merry is always artistic and satisfying, and her number with cello obbligato beautifully played by Miss Newcombe was one of the greatest treats of the evening. Both Mr. DeMille and Mr. Benrose had to respond to recalls. Miss Newcombe, the cellist, has made a secure place for herself in the hearts of Toronto music lovers, and is always sure of being listened to with pleasure. Miss Grace Merry was enthusiastically applauded after each number, and fully deserved to be. She is a very clever entertainer. The choir was in fine form and is a credit to the director, Dr. Anger.

Miss Mary Caldwell and Miss Madeline Carter have arranged a fine programme for their joint recital announced for December 12. Mrs. Barton will be the accompanist. I shall make fuller mention of this affair later.

Mr. G. D. Atkinson, assisted by Mrs. Atkinson, Miss Grace McMurtry, Mr. R. G. Kirby, Mr. W. J. Lawrence and Mr. F. J. Douglas gave a recital in the Eglington Methodist church on Monday night, to open the new tubular pneumatic organ recently installed by Messrs. Lye & Sons. The church was filled and the audience was most appreciative. Mr. Atkinson played a very comprehensible programme.

This afternoon at four, Mr. Wheelton begins a series of weekly organ recitals at the Metropolitan church.

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The programmes will be made up from standard and new works, and well-known soloists will assist. Today, Miss Crawford will sing. Her lovely voice is particularly effective when accompanied by the organ.

The evening of November 21, Mr. Marley Sherris will give a song recital in Conservatory Music Hall, assisted by Miss Grace Hastings, violinist, and Mrs. Blight, accompanist. Mr. Sherris will sing two groups of songs by local composers, who will play the accompaniments.

Miss Myrtle Rice, soprano, a pupil of Mr. Arthur Blight, was highly praised by the Aurora Banner for her singing at a recent concert.

Mr. Barclay Nelson, pupil of Marie C. Strong, will appear in his first song recital in the Nordheimer concert hall, 15 King street east, on Saturday afternoon, at four o'clock, Nov. 21.

Mr. Nelson will be assisted by Miss Carolyn Beacock, soprano, also a pupil of Miss Strong's, and Miss Hope Wigmore, pianist, a talented young pupil of Mr. Forsyth. Miss Madelon Thompson will act as accompanist.

Much interest is felt in the recital of Miss Alice Dean, on November 20, at the Conservatory of Music, under the patronage of His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Gibson. Miss Dean, who will be assisted by Mr. Lissant Beardmore, tenor, is a young Canadian who has won laurels abroad with her violin playing.

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"My poor man, how did you acquire such a thirst?" "It wuz dis-away, mister; when de doctor operated on me for appendicitis he forgot an' left a sponge inside o' me."—Boston Traveler.

Guide—What do you think of that? Isn't it a magnificent view? Miss Blassay—I must confess my disappointment. But then (apologetically), I've seen postals of the place, you know.—Puck.

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January 14 - - - Prof. Wallace "Early Church Drama."
January 21, Canadian Writers.
January 30 - - - Dr. Burton "Modern Romance."
February 18 - - - Miss Thomas "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
February 25 - - - Rev. J. A. Macdonald Browning Readings.
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ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

A NECDOTAL



AFTER having been a faithful devotee of the automobile two years or more, Mr. Bragdon suddenly was seized with a violent fancy for motor boats. "A beautiful river runs by this town," he said, "Why not have some enjoyment out of it? In a motor boat you don't have to dodge policemen and rural constables."

So he bought one, took a day's instruction in the art of managing it and keeping the machinery in running order, and started out on his first trip with it one bright morning in July.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned home. He came in by the back way. His clothes were water-soaked, and he had a generally limp and bedraggled appearance. "For pity's sake, Alfred!" exclaimed his wife. "What has happened to you? Did the boat upset?" "No, Lucy," he answered. "Don't say anything about it, and I'll tell you. The boat's all right, but when I had been out on the water an hour or two something went wrong with the motor."

"Well?" "Well, before I—er—knew what I was doing I was over the side of the boat and trying to get under it to fix the thing."

WHEN Commissioner Allen had charge of the Patent Office in Washington he was very punctilious about the respect due him and his position, and demanded full tribute from everybody.

One day, as he was sitting at his desk, two men came in without knocking or announcement and without removing their hats.

Allen looked up and impaled the intruders with his glittering eye. "Gentlemen," he said, severely, "who are visitors to this office to see me are always announced, and always remove their hats."

"Huh," replied one of the men, "we ain't visitors, and we don't give a hoot about seeing you. We came in to fix the steam pipes."

DR. JOHN LOVEJOY ELLIOTT, head worker of Hudson Guild Settlement, in New York, was lecturing some boys from the water front on the doings of Nero. He gave a vivid picture of the cruelty of the emperor, and thought that he must have fixed the idea of non-ethical deeds in the minds of his hearers. Then he began questions. "Boys," said the teacher, "what do you think of Nero?"

There was no reply, and the class moved around uneasily. "Well, O'Brien, what do you think of Nero? Would you say he was a good man? Would you like to know him?"

No answer, and O'Brien looked longingly at the door.

"Well, wasn't Nero a bad man?" "He never done nothin' to me," was the unexpected response, reflecting the Tammany policy of not butting in.

TWO boys went out picking nuts and they wanted to divide them equally between them, so they went over the fence into the cemetery toward evening and sat down among the tombstones to count the nuts. While going over the fence they dropped two nuts, but didn't stop to pick them up.

A man came along and heard them and stopped to listen and heard them saying, "One for you and one for me." "One for you and one for me," and he became badly frightened and ran away down the road, and met another man, who said:

"What's the matter?" The first man said: "The devil and the Lord are up in the cemetery dividing up the people," and the second man said: "Oh, no, that couldn't be!"

The first man said: "Yes, they are; I heard them."

The two men went back to the fence to listen and heard them saying, "One for you and one for me." "One for you and one for me; now that's all," and the other boy said, "Except the two at the fence, and that will be one for you and one for me."

The two men both ran away as fast as they could.

THE inspector was examining Grade I, and all the class had been specially told beforehand by their teacher, "Don't answer unless you are almost certain your answer is correct."

History was the subject. "Now tell me," said the inspector, "who was the mother of our great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce?"

He pointed to the top boy, then around the class. There was no answer. Then at last the heart of the teacher of that class leaped with joy. The boy who was standing at the very foot had held up his hand.

"Well, my boy," said the inspector, encouragingly, "who was she?"

"Please, sir, Mrs. Bruce."

A WELL-KNOWN clergyman in a talk to his Sunday school urged the children to speak to him whenever they met. The next day a dirty-faced urchin accosted him in the street with, "How do, doc?"

The clergyman stopped and cordially inquired, "And who are you, sir?"

"I'm one of your little lambs," replied the boy, affably. "Fine day!" And, tilting his hat to the back of his head, he swaggered off, leaving the worthy divine speechless with amazement.

MRS. SILAS BENNETT was a philosopher. On a certain dismal occasion some of the neighboring women were condoling with her. With commendable cheerfulness she replied:

"I've raised four girls an' three boys, expectin' every time they'd be twins and red-headed like their Grandpa Bennett, and yet they ain't."

"An' I've worried consid'ble over smallpox breakin' out in my big family. So fer, tain't."

"Last summer, durin' July an' August, an' mebbe part of September, I was real melancholic, fearin' I'd got an appendix; but I guess I ain't."

"An' through it all, it never once occurred to me that I'd be the one to fall through them rotten old meetin'-house steps an' break my leg in two places, but I be."

WILLIAM HANLEY, a well-known Duluth cruiser and timberman, tells a good story of Indians and the importance of personal publicity to a redskin. Hanley was in charge of a big drive on the St. Croix River, and in the vicinity of Taylor's Falls, a big jam occurred. Among the drivers were half a dozen Indians. They were good men on the river and held up their end with the white men. One day, while inspecting the jam, Hanley passed the six Indians. In a spirit of good nature he hailed the Indians and said:

"Break that jam, boys, and I'll put your names in the paper."

"Ugh!" responded one after a pause. "Six Indians dead in paper, but we no see it."

RIDING across the country one day, Dr. Blank noticed an old negro who had been for quite a while perched motionless upon a little bridge, fishing silently in the stream beneath. For some time he watched him from a distance, but finally, overcome by the old fellow's unmoved patience, he rode up and accosted him.

"Hello, Wash! What are you doing up there?" "Fishin', sah," came the reply.

"Not getting many, are you?" "No, sah."

"Well, it seems to me you'd get tired fishing so long without a bite." "I doesn't want no bite, cap'n."

"Well, that's funny. Why don't you want a bite, Wash?"

"Hits this-a-way, cap'n; when I gits a lot of bites, hit takes all meh time to git the fish off'n meh line, an' I doesn't have no time foh fishin'."

IRVIN COBB tells a story of a little, wiry negro who went into a resort in Natchez, displayed a large roll of bills and bought a drink.

As he was paying for it another negro came in, very large and very black. He looked at the little man and said: "Niggah, whar you git all dat money?"

"Bah-tendah," said the little negro, by way of a reply. "Ah think Ah shall tek a bottle of dat-ah stuff. 'Pears quite satisfiyin' tuh meh."

"Niggah," roared the big one, "whar you git dat money? I ast you. I's the town bully, I is. I follows bullyin' foh a trade. Whar you git it?"

The little negro began stuffing the money back into his pockets. "Seems to me," he mused, "I ain't got 'nuff pockets to hold all mah wealth."

The big negro jumped at the little one. "You hear what I said?" he demanded. "I's the town bully an' I wanten know whar you git all dat money?"

Quick as a flash, the little negro upper-cut the big one, catching him on the point of the jaw and knocking him down. In a moment the big negro revived enough to look up from the floor and ask humbly, "Nigah, who is you, anyhow?"

"Why," replied the little one, blowing his knuckles, "I's th' pusson you thought you wuz when you come in."

THE DEAN of a normal college, in a talk before the student body, was deploring the practice common among children of getting help in their lessons, and the tendency among parents to give it too generously. As an illustration he told the following incident:

The mother of a small pupil in a Chicago school had struggled through the problems assigned for the child's next lesson, and had finally obtained what appeared to be satisfactory results. The next day, when the little girl returned from school, the mother inquired with some curiosity:

"Were your problems, correct, dear?"

"No, mamma," replied the child. "They were all wrong."

"All wrong?" repeated the amazed parent. "Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"Well, mamma, you don't need to be sorry," was the reply. "All the other mammas had their's wrong, too."

THE patient architect has just succeeded in getting Mrs. Drippinggold to decide between the charms of Renaissance, Classic, and Queen Anne for the plans of her magnificent new country house.

"The only details I ain't goin' to leave to your discretion," said the wealthy lady, "is the matter of towers. I want plenty of towers that folk can see for a long way off when they're riding by."

"But what kind of towers do you want?" inquired the unfortunate architect. "Norman, Gothic—"

Mrs. Drippinggold closed the English novel of high life on which her soul had been feeding.

"Why, ancestral towers, of course!"

MRS. ROOSEVELT was out lion-hunting with Barooba, a great hunter of the region about Lake Nyanza.

"Hist!" whispered the native. They dropped into the grass and a big lion approached.

"Shall I shoot?" Mr. Roosevelt whispered.

Barooba looked around at him with amazement and scorn.

"Shoot?" he asked. "Heem be alone!"

Mr. Roosevelt did not understand at the time what difference it made whether there was one lion or twenty; but he tumbled a moment later when Barooba darted from hiding, grabbed the lion by the under jaw with his left hand, tripped him up with his right foot and hog-tied him in seven seconds.

The former President removed his cap.

"Barooba," he said, "it is the regret of my life that I am not still President of the United States. If I were, I would make you United States Marshal for the Western District of Oklahoma, and let 'Catches-Em-Alive' Abernathy rustle."

The
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The Elgin Watch is the right watch in every respect—right in workmanship, right in price, right in time, right every time.

Accurately adjusted to position and temperature. Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. An interesting, illustrated booklet about watches, sent free on request to ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.



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A visit to our Galleries will prove a real delight. Replete with beautiful examples of Old Furniture and Rare Silver and China, our rooms are a Mecca for all who appreciate the Antique.

B. M. & T. JENKINS, 422-424 Yonge St.
ANTIQUE GALLERIES

DEWAR'S "Special Liqueur"

is soft, mellow and fragrant!

Fresh and Sweet

"TOMLIN'S" TEA LOAF

always proves itself up to the standard of merit in bread making.

COLLEGE 3561

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum upon the Paid Up Capital Stock of The Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the THREE MONTHS ending the 30th November 1908, and the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches of the Bank on and after Tuesday the First Day of December next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to 30th of November, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board,

JAMES MASON, GENERAL MANAGER.

Toronto, October 21st, 1908.

THE Original Charter 1854
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OF CANADA

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Branch Offices, open 7 to 9 o'clock every Saturday night.
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Cor. Queen West and Bathurst Streets.
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Cor. Queen West and Ontario Streets.
20 Dundas Street, West Toronto.

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Brightness and Freshness
of youth
are preserved to the complexion
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From all
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Glasses That Fit

In addition to my thorough examination with the aid of a most up-to-date equipment, you are offered the result of my special training in frame-fitting, which, in itself, overcomes the possible discomfort experienced in the lenses you are now wearing.

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Our importations of fine Ulster and Coat materials for ladies' wear is complete.

Exclusive patterns and color effects.

Our designs are the very latest. Our cutter and fitter comes direct from Scotland. Every garment is man tailored.

And the price

\$50.00

"The House That Quality Built"

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They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada; safe arrival guaranteed.

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The Harry Webb Co.
Limited
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from results obtained, we can correct your defective vision. We know whereof we speak.

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

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De Miracle

A revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for \$1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1012 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class druggists, department stores and.

The Robt. Simpson Co. Limited
TORONTO

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

NO more charming place (full of beautiful proofs of the real value of Canada as a fruitful and productive land) could have been chosen for our new Lieutenant-Governor to make his official and social debut than the arena in its gala attire for the Horticultural Society's show on Thanksgiving night. A great many people interested in fruit, flowers, and the homelier products of the kitchen garden, and a great many more, eager to see and welcome the new host and hostess of Government House, crowded the arena and admired the effect of the Society's efforts to transform its vast and bare expanse into a series of pretty pictures. The white ceiling, with rows of spruce trees suspended head downwards and twisted with tiny electric bulbs, the latticed semi-partitions wreathed with autumn foliage, and the profusion of the splendid fruits of the earth, with rattling good music and the hum of many voices, combined to make the show "go" from the start. His Honor and Mrs. Gibson, attended by Major J. T. Macdonald, arrived promptly, and the Lieutenant-Governor, in a practical and interesting speech, declared the show open. It was blandly warm, thanks to the immense heaters set up in the arena, and the delicate fragrance of the flowers, mingling with the aroma of the fruits, added to the pleasure of the senses so fully met. Magnificent 'mums, quaint disconcerted-looking 'mums, small, pert, plentiful 'mums, by turn caught the eye; a lovely table of pink begonias of the small ethereal make, orchids piled up in aristocratic aloofness on a mossy bark-built wall, huge tables of apples, hundreds and hundreds, vying with each other in ruddy polish, in soft bloom, and hectic flush; great tempting pears, plates on plates of grapes, and further on snow cauliflower huge and appetising; potatoes that would win the heart of an Irish or any other man, orange carrots as clean and fat as could be, ruddy beets and huge obese cabbages and fussy crinkled endives and cool deep-green parsley and delicate green lettuce and stiff crisp celery, rooty and nut-like in flavor. It recalled Zola's great description of the riot of color and boundless plenty in "Le Ventre de Paris." It is a grand sight, this harvest of flowers and fruit and vegetables and well worth viewing. On Tuesday, four tables were decorated for dinner, and Lady Pellatt, Mrs. W. R. Riddell and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston judged their respective merits, awarding the prize to Manton's table, which was done in purple orchids, with corsage bouquets, tied with orchid ribbons, at each lady's seat, and boutonnières of a single small orchid at each gentleman's place. The second prize went to a table centred with a mound of maidenhair fern and deep red rosebuds, an ideal winter decoration. The third prize table was done in orchids and lily of the valley, the former towering in the centre and the latter showering down from them. The boutonnières and corsage bouquets at this table were of lily of the valley and ferns tied with striped tasselled ribbons, very up-to-date. I think the high design militated against the success of this table, as such is not often used now, people liking to see their vis-a-vis. The fourth table was centred with white and yellow 'mums set in a mound of ferns. Each table was enclosed on three sides by deep green walls, lending the fullest effect to its scheme of color. The show closes to-night, and all who have not yet seen it should make a point of doing so.

Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson left for Ashville, N.C., on Thursday, and will be away some months. She has suffered severely from bronchitis lately. Her many warm friends here trust to be able to welcome her back quite restored to health.

Lady Pellatt's tea for the bride of her only son, Captain Reginald Pellatt, took place on Friday, November 6, with much eclat, a very large company being assembled to greet the beautiful young matron in whose honor the affair was arranged. Lady Pellatt and the bride received at the door of the drawing-room, the former in a rose robe veiled in handsome white lace, and the latter in her wedding gown, which became her youthful charm to perfection. The suite of rooms was soon filled with smart women, and by degrees they found their way down to the ballroom, where a number of pretty girls awaited their coming, and a perfectly ideal decoration of pink begonias in fullest profusion of bloom, and snowy lily of the valley and tall white 'mums in solitary glasses made the tea-table a dream of dainty loveliness. Huge palms brooded over cosy groups of chairs, lights were beaming softly everywhere, the girl waitresses flitted amid the greenery and flowers, and soft strains of music filled the air. It was a big tea, but never a crush, for people found room to be comfortable, even at its busiest hour. I have not space to even partially enumerate the hundreds of guests who enjoyed it.

On Friday Mrs. Herbert Cox gave an afternoon reception for the conductor and members of the Sheffield Choir and some of the Toronto admirers in her artistic and spacious home in Queen's Park. Dr. Coward stood beside the hostess, and those guests whom he did not know were presented by Mrs. Cox, who looked a picture in her white gown and lovely tinted hair. This gentle and artistic young hostess is the most graceful and unaffected rich woman imaginable, and when she patronizes art and artists has the charming faculty of letting them know she considers it her privilege as well as her pleasure to do so. Quietly and effectively she always helps towards culture, and her earnest appreciation is deeply valued by her artistic friends. The choir swarmed through the great hall and found tea and dainties in the dining-room and sun parlor, and the most attentive of waitresses, some being from the famous Mendelssohn Choir, who left no effort untaken to give the English singers a grand time during their visit to Toronto. Miss Coward, the tall, handsome daughter of the conductor, looked very pretty at Mrs. Cox's reception.

At Friday evening's concert, many eyes were turned to box D, where a strikingly handsome lady sat, easily queening it, both in presence and attire, over the vast crowd at the concert. This was Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss of Earncliffe, and during the time Dr. Harriss was conducting his setting of "The Lands of Dee," his wife's lorgnette never moved from one position. Her charming face and elegant pale blue gown twinkling with diamonds were the cynosure of many admiring eyes, and the many strangers in the audience soon made up their minds whom she must be. To her Toronto friends her visits are welcome as the flowers in May, only too few and far between. Mrs. Joseph Macdougall was in the box with Mrs. Harriss, of whom she is a relative by marriage. Dr. and Mrs. Ham were in box B, and I noticed, as did many others, the significance of the shrouding curtains which fell over the box of the generous founder of the

great hall in mute mourning for the recent death of his widow, the gentle mistress of Euclid Hall. The Sheffield Choir were not reticent in the expression of their pleasure and satisfaction in singing in so fine a building, which should have a much better organ to make it complete.

The Indian mail brought me permission to publish the engagement of Miss Phyllis Eileen Kingsmill, youngest daughter of the late Judge J. Juchereau Kingsmill, and Captain James Maclaren Young, 1st Batt., The King's Own Regiment, now stationed at Darjeeling, India. Miss Kingsmill made her debut in Toronto a very few seasons ago, and was very popular. Like the late lamented Mrs. Selwyn, Mabel Lee, and Miss Ida Homer Dixon (Mrs. Burger), she found her fate in India, and best wishes are hers from Toronto friends.

Lady de Hochepeid Larpet arrived out from England last week, to visit her mother, Mrs. William Armstrong, at her charming old home, The Priory, in Esther street. Lady Larpet is always welcomed by hosts of friends here, and various entertainments are being given in her honor. The de Hochepeid Larpets are important people in the Channel Islands, of which Jersey is their native place. Another well-known name in that island has interest for Torontonians who knew that whole-souled fine fellow the late Charles Pipon. His cousin, Mr. George Pipon, lives in the most delightful old Manor House in Jersey, just out of St. Helier, called Beaumont Manor.

I hear that one of the marriages to be celebrated this winter will unite a gallant officer, very well known in Toronto, and a fascinating young widow, who is now assembling her trousseau.

The birthday honors which have descended upon Sir E. S. Clouston, of Montreal, have been hailed with much satisfaction by his Toronto friends. Sir Edward Clouston, Baronet, is one of the great financial directors of the Dominion, as well as the always welcome host or guest, in the very smartest society. He was particularly *persona grata*, and a frequent visitor at Rideau Hall during the last occupancy, and entertained Lord Minto and his family royally in Montreal. That he may long enjoy his title is the wish of his friends from ocean to ocean.

The stork called one day early last week on Captain and Mrs. Charles Boone, with the gift of a fine little son and heir. Last June twelvemonth, Captain Boone married one of the fair girls of Jersey (their marriage taking place at the beautiful home of the bride's aunt, Madame de Samaurez-Springfield, Guernsey), and brought his bride to Toronto, where his father presented them with one of the most attractive mansions in Rosedale. Captain and Mrs. Boone have only recently settled in their new home, having previously resided in Elmsley Place, and the new baby has preoccupied their thoughts entirely since his welcome advent. Mrs. Boone has made some very good friends in Toronto, who are glad to hear of her own and her little son's well-being.

Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, of Tannenheime, will give a tea at her residence on Wednesday next, at which her last daughter, Miss Cornelia Heintzman, will make her debut. Mrs. John Bascom will assist her mother in receiving, and her name is upon the invitations.

Last week, Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman had a coffee-drinking of the most interesting sort at her home, for the women members of the German Lutheran Church. "Coffee-drinking" is another name for a bountiful high tea, of which the guests partake in relays, and which is handsomely set and capably served. Only unbounded hospitality should attempt such a function with hope of success, but needless to say, Mrs. Heintzman's guests were satisfied and very earnest in their appreciation of a royal good time.

Mrs. J. L. Bray gave an afternoon card party and tea in honor of her guest, Mrs. Douglas, of London, one day last week. The ladies were very much pleased with their pretty prizes, and enjoyed meeting the pleasant guest of honor. After the game a delicious tea was served at the card tables, and many old friends had a chat over old times, or met new friends with equal enjoyment.

The launching of the Hamonic at Collingwood is an elusive festivity. It has again been postponed, and awaits a certain date until the arrival of Miss Hays, who is to bestow the name on the new vessel.

The Canadian Art Club had a smoker in their galleries in Adelaide street east, on Tuesday night. Mr. Homer Watson, president of the club; Mr. Bremner, an out-of-town member, and several prominent Torontonians, joined the artists in a jolly time. Mr. Archibald Browne's exhibition is still on, and several of the beautiful pictures have found purchasers. The exhibition has been seen by a great many lovers of art, who are charmed with it.

The first of the twilight recitals given by Mr. Wheelodon on the splendid new organ in the Metropolitan Church is on this afternoon from four to five o'clock. Mr. Wheelodon will play, among other things, the overture to Martha, variations on the Sicilian Mariner's Hymn, and a composition of Lemare's. There should be a large attendance at these free recitals, which are to be given weekly during the winter. In Harlem this summer I attended an afternoon recital from two to three o'clock, on a far inferior organ, and by only a fairly good organist, at which hundreds of people crowded the church, and listened with absorbed pleasure to the selections. Toronto people are missing a rare good thing when they overlook Mr. Wheelodon's Saturday afternoon hour at the organ.

The annual meeting of the Infants' Home will be held at the Home on Friday afternoon, November 20. The ladies of the Board are anxious for a large attendance. The public is cordially invited. The Home does a good work in aiding the worthy poor in the trying interval of helplessness for mother and babe, and many a grateful woman is its debtor in her hour of need. Many otherwise destitute little ones are cared for and brought up under its sheltering roof, and funds should be cheerfully supplied for its maintenance.

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An Ideal Cafe for a Light Lunch or Afternoon Teas. Excellent Appointments for Banquets and Assemblies of all kinds.

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LAWN BOWLERS

Now that the season is over, and you have enjoyed the pleasure and exercise of the game, start in by taking Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths. They will keep the skin active and keep you in good shape all winter, you will then feel fine to commence the game next spring.

If you have not tried them do so at once, you don't know what enjoyment you have missed.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

202-204 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO



WHY IS MILADY FAIR SO FAIR?

The dictionary says that the word "fair" means "clear, free from blemish, pleasing to the eye." So Milady Fair may be a blonde or a brunette, but if her skin be clear, free from blemish and pleasing to the eye, she is fair indeed—aye, passing fair—she is beautiful. The secret of beauty is a beautiful complexion, and the secret of a beautiful complexion is

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

It has been women's beautifier for twenty-five years, and has received the grateful praise of thousands.

Cures chapped hands, facial blemishes, sore lips and all redness and roughness of the skin.

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TORONTO AND WINNIPEG

THE ordinary man is conservative about his clothes. This is especially the case in regard to Dress Clothes. The same materials have been used for the last ten years; the only difference being that the White Pique Vest at times takes the place of the black one.

¶ This season, there is a welcome innovation—something distinctly new and quite correct, and which has been adopted by the best dressers in the London Smart Set.

¶ The Dress Vest is made of a very fine Broadcloth, in White, Cream, or Soft Light Grey. The effect is very artistic and much more effective than the stiff White Vests so much worn.

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"HORROCKSES"
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REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

OBTAINABLE
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Young Children Can Play This Piano Easily.....

The Autonola

You can have no idea of the charm of the Bell Autonola for non-players until you familiarize yourself with this wonderful instrument. With this piano anyone can play all classes of music, and this without necessarily having any knowledge of the keyboard.

With this instrument in the home you can have operatic, light operatic, classical, popular, vocal and dance music whenever you may wish it. All this is secured to you, although you may not be able to play a note for yourself, through the aid of music roll and treadles.

This instrument is TWO PIANOS IN ONE. It can also be played by hand in the usual way.

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Will Heat
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Burns Soft or Steam Coal

It raises a high degree of heat quickly and maintains it uniformly.

A checked or low fire, or a fire that has just been started, produces heat by the vapor which arises from the "simmering" water.

The degree of heat required is regulated by the adjustment of an automatic damper control.

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SATURDAY TWILIGHT
ORGAN RECITALS
4 P.M.
METROPOLITAN CHURCH
SILVER COLLECTION

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SOCIETY

MRS. E. W. Cox gave a very smart tea, on Wednesday, at her home in Isabella street, the hostess receiving in a trim blue princess gown, and being assisted by Mrs. Brown, Jr., in a rich white gown with handsome lace. In the sun-parlor, beyond the drawing-room, a fine new gramophone of the latest style gave songs by Caruso and other favorites. Mrs. Will Lumbers matronized the tea-room, where a bright table was crowned with pink blooms and loaded with dainties, and deft waitresses were most attentive to the guests.

Mrs. C. H. Ritchie's tea for the presentation of her debutante daughter was a huge one, and if, as the sarcastic man remarked, the success of such a function is assured if one can neither get in or out, it was one of the most pronounced successes of the season. Mrs. Ritchie and the debutante were both in white lace gowns, the latter's particularly pretty and becoming. She held a bouquet of exquisite mauve orchids and lily of the valley, and received the good wishes of her friends in a pretty manner. A brilliant tea-table was so packed with guests and busy young waitresses, who were remarkably good-looking, that I only got a glimpse of it from afar. It was in debutante white and green. Among the guests was Mrs. W. Northrup, who has been up from Ottawa on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Capron Brooke, and looked very handsome in black and white and a huge hat a la mode. Mrs. R. L. Borden looked in for a short time, I was told, but left quite early. Many of the guests at Mrs. Ritchie's went on to Mrs. Prince's and Miss Ross's afterwards, which relieved the pressure, and gave the guests of the last half hour much more chance for eating, drinking and being merry. A pretty little girl who is now doing her first teas, Miss Mary Davidson, was at Mrs. Ritchie's with her mother, Mrs. Alex. Davidson. Heaps of smart women were at this tea.

Mrs. Prince and Miss Ross, whose friendship and *bon camaraderie* of a quarter of a century is their great comfort and the delight of their friends, gave the jolliest possible tea on Wednesday, at their home, 71 Madison avenue. They received in the drawing-room, which was fragrant with many lovely pink roses, and the guests were waited upon in the dining-room by Miss Capreole, Miss Arnoldi, Miss Ethel Baldwin, and a charming little debutante, Miss Julie Gillespie. The table was beautiful with Queen roses, and the tall vase holding them was set on a centrepiece of exquisite silver embroidery on white silk, which was gracefully puffed and fastened to the table-cloth by large silver letters, the initials of the two hostesses, a gift to commemorate the twenty-fifth year of their comradeship. Mrs. Cawthra Mulock looked very pretty in a grey gown and huge hat, and Mrs. Phillip Toller wore, also, a grey costume and huge satin and velvet hat to match. Mrs. Arkle, of the Priory, looked a picture in black velvet and some beautiful white lace, and her favorite toque-shaped headgear; Mrs. Lonsdale Capreole was in white serge and black hat. Little Miss Gillespie was prettily gowned in palest cowslip, with net guimpe and sleeves. Mrs. Case and Mrs. Van Straubenzee, Mrs. Stephen Haas, Mrs. John Crusoe, who looked stunning in grey with grey hat; Miss Deda Gillespie, also in the modish shade of grey. Mrs. R. Capreole, Mrs. Sweeney, Mrs. George Harman, Miss McMurrich, Miss Boulton, Mrs. Percy Beatty, were a few other ladies who enjoyed the unusually

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.
INNES—At Simcoe, on Thanksgiving Day, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Innes, a daughter.
BUCK—At Port Dover, Oct. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Buck, a son, William Morley.
TRIPP—In Toronto, Nov. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp, a daughter.
WALLACE—At Bolton, Nov. 7, 1908, to Dr. and Mrs. H. F. Wallace, a daughter, Margaret Annie.
CHEEVER—At Niagara Falls South, Nov. 7, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cheever, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.
LAURIN—SHEPPARD—At the Church of the Angels' Guardian, Orillia, Oct. 31, 1908, by Rev. Father Moyna, Lillian Beatrice, daughter of Mr. T. H. Sheppard, Knoc Greins, Orillia, to Joseph Antoine Laurin, son of Mr. Cyrille Laurin, Montreal.
REEVES—JAMES—At Central Methodist Church, Toronto, Nov. 4, 1908, by Rev. J. V. Smith, D.D., Laura Anna, daughter of Mr. Charles James, Perth, Ont., to Charles Milton Reeves, D.D.S., of Treed, Ont.
SMITH—MACE—At Evanston, Ill., by Rev. George C. Stewart, Jessie Ross, daughter of Mr. George W. Mace, Toronto, to Robert Bruce Smith, of Liverpool, Eng.

DEATHS.
COURTICE—At his residence, Gerrard street, Toronto, Nov. 10, 1908, Rev. A. C. Courtice, in his 51st year.
FLEMING—In Toronto, Nov. 7, 1908, Robert Fleming, Jr., son of Robert and Annie Fleming, aged 21 years and 3 months.

SELLERS-GOUGH

The New Store

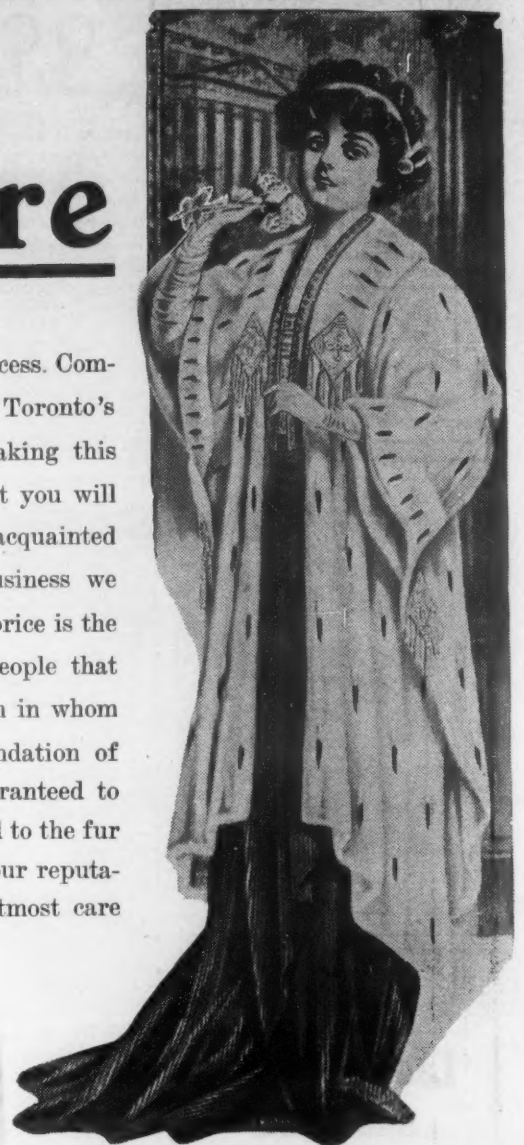
Were you pleased? It seems to us that our opening was a huge success. Compliments and congratulations were showered upon us from thousands of Toronto's best known citizens. We feel quite sure that we have succeeded in making this store a place wherein shopping is a pleasure, and there is no doubt that you will learn to appreciate this store more and more as you become better acquainted with our methods, our store and our goods. Our method of doing business we know will meet with your approval. We have only one price, and that price is the lowest that we can possibly sell the garment at. There are very few people that know the value of furs, consequently you ought to buy furs from a firm in whom you have confidence. We are building this business on the solid foundation of confidence. Every garment that is sold in this store is absolutely guaranteed to be as represented. Our entire capital, energy and experience is devoted to the fur business, and the fur business alone, and such being the case we stake our reputation every time we sell a garment or piece of fur, thus we take the utmost care that everything we sell is as represented.

We Know You will Spend a Pleasant Time
in This Store.

The Sellers-Gough Fur Co., Limited

"FURS EXCLUSIVELY"

244-246-248-250 YONGE STREET, Cor. Louisa



pleasant hour in this always popular home.

Mrs. W. Northrup returned to Ottawa this week.

A very quiet wedding was celebrated in St. Simon's church, on Wednesday afternoon, when Mr. Harvey M. Gordon, son of the late Mr. Jesse Gordon, of this city, was united in marriage to Miss Thelma G. V. Lester, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus T. Lester, of Roxborough street west. The bride wore her travelling gown, a handsome tailored costume of London-smoke grey, with a large white-plumed hat of white satin, and carried a sheaf of bride roses. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Edward C. Cayley, rector of St. Simon's. Only the immediate families of the contracting parties were present and the newly-married couple left on the 7:15 C. P. R. train for a short trip to Buffalo and the Eastern States. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Gordon will be at their new home on north Bathurst street.

The Sorrows.

If This is all it will be like,
I wish to Die,—I don't care how,—
While I am Very, Very Young:
As young almost as Now.

They never felt what Sorrow was;
They never learned their Golden Rule;
They say, "These are your happiest days!"
With School, School, School.

When Saturday's all out of breath,
With all the livelong week in sight;
And Monday, coming after you,
Spoils every Sunday night.

And nothing Done but Yesterdays;
And nothing Coming but To-morrows!
Don't cheer me up—Please let me be—
I have the Sorrows.

—Josephine Preston Peabody, in The Delineator.

"I've walked many miles to see you, sir," began the tramp, "because people told me you was very kind to poor chaps like me." "Indeed?" said the genial, white-haired old man. "Are you going back the same way?" "Yes, sir." "Ah! Well, just contradict that rumor as you go, will you? Good morning."—Milwaukee News.

Asked when he was married, the colored citizen replied: "All I know, suh, is dat it wuz des w'en she 'lowed she'd git me—ter de minute!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Origin of Bridge

It is now said to have been
Invented by the Turks—Lord
Garborough's Luck.

A RECENT writer on bridge says that in his opinion the game originated in Turkey, although Russia and Greece have both claimed it. In Russia it is called "biritch," or "Russian whist."

"Persia was the first home of poker," says this writer in Ainslie's Magazine, "and I am disposed to think that Constantinople was the birthplace of bridge—a conclusion which anyone who has ever played the game with a Turk will be inclined to share."

"The Turks have a really marvelous genius for the game. I feel sure that the average Turk has about 20 per cent. more insight into cards and card games than the average American or Englishman. Throughout the East cards are played with a brilliancy rarely met with elsewhere."

"It was, I believe, during the year 1894, that bridge was introduced into London by Lord Brougham, who brought it back with him from an extended tour of Southern and Western Europe. Lord Brougham's account of the event is curious and interesting."

"Soon after his return to London, he went into the Portland Club, which is probably the best known card club in the world. The Portland at that time was given over exclusively to old fashioned whist."

"His lordship sat down to play a friendly rubber, and, when it came his turn to deal, forgot to expose the trump. After three deals he again forgot to turn his last card. His friends, who had known him for years, made a mental memorandum that his lordship was beginning to lose his memory."

"He explained his carelessness by saying that he had been playing so much 'bridge' that he could never remember the exasperating convention of turning the trump. This remark led to his explaining the game of bridge in detail to his friends."

"From this insignificant beginning the game has spread and spread until it is now the most popular card game in the world. There is to-day hardly any straight whist played at the Portland; bridge has entirely replaced it. The Turf was the next English club to experiment with the game, and from that time on the fever spread

through the English clubs very rapidly."

"In 1895 the Portland issued its famous 'Laws of Bridge.' This was translated and adopted as the standard guide to the game in most of the cities of Europe, and even in Constantinople, the city of its birth."

"A great friend of Lord Brougham's at that time, and one against whom he played many rubbers, was Lord Yarborough, whose ill-luck was proverbial throughout England. He frequently declared that his cards were the most execrable in the world and that his usual luck was to find a nine the highest card in his hand."

"As a consequence of this a hand with nothing over a nine gradually became known in England as a 'Yarborough.' The expression became general, and is to-day applied to a hand without honors. Lord Yarborough was always willing to bet a thousand pounds to one against a hand having no honors in it. As a matter of fact, the odds are nearly two thousand to one."

"I heard of one rubber, at least, in which Lord Yarborough's ill-luck forsook him. The unlucky lord was playing with his wife and two other ladies. During the course of the rubber Lord Yarborough held the most enormous cards."

"Lady Yarborough, who was playing against her husband, took out her purse at the end of the rubber, and, with a sad and wistful smile, declared to the ladies that in her opinion a void hand at bridge could with much more point be called a 'Lady Yarborough.' In the course of this rubber Lord Yarborough held 100 aces twice and four honors in diamonds once."

"The late Henry Jones, popularly known as 'Cavendish,' who was probably the master mind of whist in England, and who has done more than any one man for the game, was at first bitterly opposed to bridge. He poked all manner of fun at the game. He said it was ridiculously simple and a bore. But before his death in 1899 he was converted to it, and ended by saying that there was 'no game of cards in the world wherein skill, sound judgment and insight into the adversary's methods will meet with more certain reward than they will in bridge.'"

"I believe there is good ground for the assertion that America was introduced to bridge before England, for it is certain that the late Henry I. Barbey explained the game to his friends at the Whist Club in New York as early as the beginning of 1894. A trifle later he wrote a little pamphlet about it for private circulation, and in 1897 the game had so far spread in the Whist Club that it issued the first code of bridge laws to be published in this country."

"When the game was first introduced it was comparatively easy for a good player to make a fair living out of the game. Such a player could then declare no trumps on a weak hand; could take foolish chances in the play of a trump hand; could deceive his adversaries by false carding and fool them by tricky leads; but now that the game has reached a pretty fair degree of excellence no such acrobatic feats are possible. Baron G., the best bridge player I have ever met, told me that for three years he had made but a trifling sum out of the game."

"Mr. C.'s winnings are interesting. He is a pretty fair player and has kept his bridge accounts very accurately for five years. He has played, I suppose, a little over a dozen rubbers a week. "During the last five years he has averaged a profit of about \$800 a year playing at five cent points. Some years he has gone as high as \$1,300, and some as low as \$300. I know a poor player who last year made \$1,800 at five cent points."

"I also know an excellent player who lost \$200 in two weeks at the same stakes. In other words, there is nothing sure about one's income from the game, but it may be said with truth that the good players nearly always find themselves considerably ahead at the end of a year."

They are looking up at the latest skyscraper. "But what are those things sticking out from the sides?" asked the up-State friend.

"Those? Oh, those are mile posts!" answered the New Yorker.—Judge.

As a countryman was sowing his ground, two smart fellows were riding that way, and one of them called to him with an insolent air: "Well, honest fellow," said he, "tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." To which the countryman replied, "Tis very like you may, for I am sowing hemp."—The Catholic News.

A physician, upon opening the door of his consultation room, asked: "Who has been waiting longest?" "I have," spoke up the tailor, "I delivered your clothes three weeks ago."—Argonaut.

"You seem to manage remarkably well on your housekeeping money." "Yes; the storekeepers haven't sent in their bills yet."—Stray Stories.

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THE COFFEE ANYBODY CAN MAKE.



SYMINGTON'S

"And was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones."
Shakespeare (Cymbeline).

STIMULATIVE EXCELLENCE
SANDY MACDONALD
SPECIAL LIQUOR
SCOTCH WHISKY
(10 years old)

Deliciously soft and mellow.
Its distinctive quality and
superiority make it a pre-eminent
stimulant that can be
advantageously taken for
general use and medicinal
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INVESTIGATE—Quality will do the rest.
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Books and Authors

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Literary People.

THOSE who have read earlier novels by Joseph Hocking will be prepared to hear that his new book "The soul of Dominic Wildthorne," is a novel dealing with the aggressions of Rome. It deals with the Romanizing movement in the Church of England, and treats it with a great deal of vigor. If the condition of affairs as represented in this story really exists in England, the situation is one calling for the serious thought of the nation. It is represented that a great many of the clergymen of the English Church are secretly in sympathy with, and acting under advice from Rome, with the object of familiarizing the people with the Roman Catholic ritual and usages, so as to make easy a return of the nation to the ancient Church and the rule of Peter. English Church clergymen in the story are found repudiating the word Protestant, and denouncing the Reformation as a ghastly blunder. The hero of the story is a youth who is taken into an order of the Church of England called "The Community of the Incarnation," where he is taught that the Church of Rome is the only true Church; that the clergy of the Church of England are but schismatic laymen, and that earnest men should work in every way to bring about a union of the great Catholic Church of the world under the leadership of Rome, with its true apostolic succession. But Dominic Wildthorne had an honest mind, and believing what he was taught, he saw that his only course was to play a straightforward part and openly enter the Church of Rome, and with that intention he visits Italy. In Rome and in country parishes, and especially through the publication of a Papal encyclical, forbidding the human mind to operate on any subject on which the Church professes authority, he learned enough to convince him that the ancient Church was not the agency that met his ideas as to the needs of the world. In the shock that results, he loses faith in Christianity altogether for a time; abandons his intention of entering the priesthood either of England or of Rome; marries, settles down and waits for a new faith to grow up within him. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

Alfred Ollivant, author of "Bob: Son of Battle," and "Red-coat Captain," books which made quite a success and showed the writer to possess a rather fine vein of sentiment, has written a book of a very different sort. In "The Gentleman; A Romance of the Sea," published by The Macmillan Company, of Canada, Mr. Ollivant has given us a rip-roaring story of war. From cover to cover it is nothing but fighting. The story treats of the period when Napoleon was planning to invade England, and the plot revolves around an attempt to seize Lord Nelson by means of a trick. The attempt was frustrated in the nick of time after an amazing series of adventures on the part of a few persons who set out to save Nelson. In fact the adventures are piled on rather too thick to suit the taste of a serious reader—it is altogether too exciting.

Another admirable tale of homely life in rural Ontario, from the pen of Marian Keith, has just been published by the Westminster Company, Toronto. It is entitled "Treasure Valley," the valley being in Oro, Simcoe county; and the story concerns the simple, interesting people of a little village there. In her last novel, "The Silver Maple," the author wrote of Scotch farm people in Oro—the people she knows so thoroughly well—and in picturing village life she has been quite as successful.

One day the same train brings two very different men to Elmbrook. One is the new village doctor, young, handsome, and hopeful. The other is a mysterious, penniless stranger, whose life has been embittered and apparently ruined. But these two have a mutual friend, and thereby hangs the tale; which, it might be suggested, is rather improbable at this point. A little boy, who has also arrived on the scene, and who, by a coincidence to be noted only in novels, turns out to be the child of the wanderer's enemy, helps the latter to regain his love of life and faith in his fellow men. The young doctor has an interesting love affair. And the village characters all have their experiences, some of them pathetic, some of them most amusing. The charm of Marian Keith's stories—the quality which sets her work beyond the mediocre—is to be found in the fact that she always writes naturally and effectively about things and people that she knows. She never labors for effect. She never seeks to exhibit facility in phrase-making or deftness in word-play. Her writing is never decorative, but always simple

and in good taste—and therefore irreproachable and effective. And better still, it is purposeful. Her stories are not only entertaining and valuable as pictures, photographically true, of well-known Canadian types and scenes, but they have the religious note, fine and free from cant, which appeals to all classes of healthy-minded, intelligent people. And in "Treasure Valley" the writer has done work that is characteristic of her. No one can read it without experiencing some expansion of the heart.

The advice scarcely seems to be necessary, but it may not be out of place, now that Marian Keith has found a sure place in the hearts of Canadian readers, to suggest that there is no need for her just yet to forsake her favorite Oro as a background for her delightful, homely romancing. There is plenty of material there still to be exploited by such a sympathetic pen as hers—many more queer, big-hearted, lovable people there that we would like to know. We trust for a long time yet that this writer will not be tempted to shift her scenes nor to introduce dramatic incident and the atmosphere of sophistication into her tales, to the sacrifice of probability and simple realism. Let us leave these things to Sir Gilbert Parker and other conventional writers. There are plenty of them. But Marian Keiths are scarce, and we should like to keep them just as they are.

Frank Basil Tracy's "History of Canada," which was opportunely published just after the ter-centennial celebration in Quebec, has been long in preparation and is evidently a work of more than passing interest. One of the most distinguished scholars and writers of Canada, a professor in McGill University, writes of it: "It is the only history of Canada I have ever been able to read. I venture the prediction that it will become a standard text-book in the Canadian schools. I think it is nearly flawless."

The Macmillan Company has just published a book entitled "Origins of the British Colonial System," by George Louis Beer, uniform with the same author's "British Colonial Policy," which appeared about a year ago. Chronologically the new book should precede the old. It is designed as the first of a series whose purpose it is to describe and explain the origins, establishment, and development of the British Colonial System until the outbreak of the movement directly culminating in the American Revolution. Mr. Beer's earlier work received high praise from critics and historians as a valuable original contribution to colonial history.

The Macmillan Company has just published the following books: "Friendship Village," by Zona Gale; "Joan of Garioch," by Albert Kinsross; "The War in the Air," by H. G. Wells; "India: Its Life and Thought," by the Rev. John P. Jones; "Introduction to Comparative Religion," by Principal Frank B. Jevons; "The Forbidden Boundary," by B. L. Putnam Weale; "De Libris," by Austin Dobson; and Volume IV, Part I, of "A System of Medicine," edited by Allbutt and Rolleston.

The first chapter of the Reverend John P. Jones' new book on "India: Its Life and Thought," is entitled "India's Unrest." "India," the author says, "is now throbbing with discontent, and is breathing, in all departments of her life, a deep spirit of unrest. This spirit has recently become acute, and seemed, for a while, in danger of bursting into open rebellion unlike the mutiny of half a century ago." It is this unrest which gives the book special timeliness and value. Dr. Jones has lived in India for thirty years. The book is attractively bound and illustrated.

The glamor which falls upon the past often blinds the eyes of readers to the growing excellence of their favorite newspapers and magazines. How often one hears the remark, "It isn't what it used to be," applied to some periodical which in reality is incomparably better than it was five or ten or twenty years ago! "Do you think Punch is quite as good as it used to be?" was a question put by the Jewish Chronicle to Mr. Walter Emanuel, the writer of Mr. Punch's "Charivaria."

"That is rather a delicate question to put to me," was the reply. "However, my contribution to its pages is such a trifling one that perhaps I may be allowed to answer it. In my opinion, Punch is not quite so good as it used to be. It is very much better. Punch of to-day, taking pictures and letterpress combined, is stronger than it has ever been. And this is only what one would expect with an editor of the mental calibre of Owen Seaman. When people depreciatingly compare the Punch of to-day with that of the past, it is because, in thinking of the

past, they take a whole volume, in which they find many good things; while the Punch of to-day is judged by a single number. Judged volume by volume, the modern Punch is, in my opinion, certainly superior to its ancestors."

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, author of "The Silver Butterfly," is not fond of photographers, and thereby hangs a tale.

At the famous Mark Twain dinner, two years ago, nearly every literary celebrity of the country was present. After the dinner, the guests were assembled and photographed in groups. Mrs. Woodrow, who had gone to the dinner under the escort of W. J. Lampton, was in one of these groups. If other photographers had been unjust to her, this one outdid them. And when the photograph was printed, as they all were, Mrs. Woodrow was the recipient of dozens of letters, typical of which came the following, from Life.

"Dear Madam: After seeing your picture in this week's Harper's Weekly, we are compelled to inform you that no more contributions from your pen are even in disorder here. We regret to take this course, but, under the circumstances, no other course is open to us. In heartfelt sympathy, we beg to remain,

"THE EDITORS."

This was bad enough, but even Mr. Lampton had his fling in his own characteristic way. He was moved to poetry:

"O Nancy Wilson Woodrow,
Hear me as I declare,
If you look like that picture,
I didn't take you there."

To Stevenson—of Some Critics

They scan the page all musical with perfect word and phrase,
And frown to find you trivial who talk of primrose ways;
Nor fathom your brave laughter,
Nor know the way you trod—
A serious-hearted wanderer upon the hills of God!

There where you lie beneath the sky far in a lonely land,
You who were even glad to die—
care not who understand
Your whimsical sweet strays of tune
and your heroic mirth—
Diviner of Arcadian ways through-out the dreary earth!

—Grace Hazard Conkling, in Putnam's.

A HIGH HONOR.

At the recent Franco-British Exhibition, in London, England, Horrocks' flannelettes were awarded the Grand Prix. This incident recalls another high honor which the manufacturers of these famous flannelettes obtained in 1900, when they were awarded a similar prize at the Paris Exhibition.

For more than a century Horrocks' goods have stood for the best product of the world's cotton trade. That this pre-eminence in quality is zealously maintained has its proof in the great increase in the business during the past 20 years; the output having been, in that period, more than doubled.

The word "Horrocks" is a household word wherever flannelettes are used. The high standard of quality maintained from the inception of the business is responsible for its development into one of the most colossal mills in the world, giving employment to upwards of 6,000 employees.

In Canada these goods are rapidly becoming known, and are evidently destined to attain the same popularity here as in the Old Country.

A CERTAIN lad, who had been reading a book of his father's on astronomy, wished to inspire his sister, aged five, with a due respect for his recently acquired knowledge and so, pointing to a star, said:

"See that star, Ada? That's bigger than the whole world!"

"No, it isn't!" emphatically denied the sister.

"Yes, it is, Ada," rejoined the brother. "I've read all about it."

"If it's bigger than the world," persisted Ada, "why don't it keep the rain off?"

A French lady living in America engaged a carpenter to do some work for her at a stipulated price. She was surprised later to find that he charged more than the price agreed upon. When she attempted to remonstrate with him, however, her English failed her and she said: "You are dearer to me now than when we were first engaged."—Success.

"There is a movement on foot," said Mr. Snoope, "to prevent the marriage of weak-minded persons. What do you think of it?" "I think it's rot," answered Mr. Growch. "Why, who else even wants to get married?"—Cleveland Leader.

All the world may not exactly love a lover, but it always takes quite an interest in his letters when the are read to the jury.—Puck.

Advance Holiday Novelties in Fine Apparel at Rea's Store for Women

The reputation of this store for distinctive novelties in women's apparel is well established. Rea & Company now announce advance holiday goods of remarkable interest, including waists, undershirts and clever accessories of dress which surpass any yet shown.

Prominent are
Hand Painted Lace Collars
The very newest and daintiest idea—beautifully executed—extremely artistic.
The New Irish Crochet Collars
Sure to meet instant appreciation.
Dressy Fur Ties

In Ermine, Persian Lamb, Caracul, Mink and Pony. Both Ermine and Persian Lamb ties are trimmed with ribbon and lace, heads and claws. One style of neckpiece in the latter fur is especially attractive, with tabs of the material and mother-of-pearl buckles. A handsome example in Pony is adorned with silk braid and large buttons to match.

Fancy Waists
In net, lace and silk, showing the newest effects in style and trimmings.
Taffeta Silk Undershirts
Full range of plain colors for \$4.50 up to \$12.50—skirts at the latter price showing the new frill of eyelet embroidery.

Plaid silk undershirts (all colors), \$16.50.
Beautiful pink Dresden silk undershirts with lace trimming, \$25.
The desirability of an early inspection is suggested, while the stock is fresh and new and the range complete. Many articles will be selected at once in anticipation of the Gift season.

A. E. Rea & Co.
Limited
Phones M. 5125 and M. 3749.
168 Yonge Street



THE OLDSMOBILE LINE FOR THE YEAR 1909

The changes from 1908 are neither startling nor radical. For the most part they are hardly perceptible to the inexperienced eye. To the initiated they appear as refinements—the natural results of another year's experience in the motor car industry.

The result of these changes is a car which runs with perfect ease through sand and over hills, making it almost unnecessary to shift the gears while touring. Vibration and noise are practically eliminated, while the motor is more easily controlled, no matter under what condition it is running.

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Society at the Capital

SOCIETY turned out *en masse* on Wednesday night to attend the concert given by the Sheffield Choir in Dey's Arena. Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess Grey were present, with a party from Government House, including Sir John and Lady Hanbury Williams, Miss Hanbury Williams, Mrs. Langford Brooke, and Lord Lascelles, A.D.C.

THE members of the Sheffield Choir had the honor of being entertained at Government House by their Excellencies on Wednesday afternoon. Lady Grey, whom everyone was delighted to see looking so well after her recent sojourn in England, with Lord Grey, received the guests at the entrance to the ball-room, which was beautifully decorated with quantities of cut flowers. Lady Grey was most becomingly gowned in brown velvet, trimmed with lace, while Lady Evelyn Grey was much admired in a dainty Empire gown of pale grey crepe de chene. Besides the members of the choir, a number of Ottawa society people were present.

HIS Excellency Lord Grey entertained the committee of the Sheffield Choir at luncheon at Government House, when all the leading members of local musical circles were also present.

ALTHOUGH the debutantes in Ottawa this season are comparatively few in number as compared with those of previous years, yet the several charming girls who will make their initial bow to society at Mrs. Ahearn's ball on Monday next have been the *raison d'être* of several delightful little functions during the past week.

Among the most enjoyable of these was a tea on Monday, at which Miss Katie Christie was the fair and popular young hostess, gowned in a dainty mauve gown. Miss Fay Christie, in a most becoming frock of brown silk, assisted her younger sister in receiving the guests, among whom were the following buds: Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick, Miss Gladys Finnie, Miss Jessie Lee, Miss Gertrude Coutlee, Miss Gwen Cook, Miss Elsie Kohl, Miss Doris Sherwood, Miss Marjory Monk, and Miss Elsie Himsforth. Miss Hilda Murphy and Miss Pansy Mills presided over the tea table.

MISS ETHEL PERLEY was another youthful hostess last week, when she entertained the following bright young girls at luncheon: Miss Jessie Lee, Miss Katie Christie, Miss Isabel Sherwood, Miss Gladys Moore, Miss Gertrude Coutlee, Miss Doris Sherwood, Miss Adele Stewart, Miss Elsie Kohl, Miss

Elsie Himsforth, Miss Irene Herdridge, Miss Gladys Cook, Miss Marion Ross, Miss Gladys Finnie and Miss Marjory Monk.

MRS. FRANK ARNOLDI, of Toronto, who is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier, was the guest of honor at a bridge party on Wednesday, at which Mrs. Edward Fauquier was the hostess. After the game a number of ladies dropped in to enjoy a cup of tea and a chat, when Miss Lola Powell and Miss Fitzpatrick poured tea and coffee at a table made beautiful with American Beauty Roses.

MISS Charlotte Balfour, of Hamilton, is visiting Miss Hilda Murphy, who entertained informally at the tea hour after the football match on Saturday. Another charming young lady from Hamilton, Miss Greening, is the guest of Miss Pansy Mills.

MRS. CHARLES GOODEVE entertained at one of the largest teas of the season last week, when many people had the pleasure of meeting her sister, Miss Maude Herschfelder, of Toronto. Mrs. Goodeve wore an exquisite gown of white lace, mounted on pink satin, and was assisted in receiving the guests by Miss Herschfelder, who was also gowned in a handsome lace robe. Mrs. Geo. Green and Miss Sewell poured tea and coffee at a dainty table, laden with white and yellow mums, and several bright young girls looked after the wants of the guests.

LADY LAURIER was the hostess at the tea-hour during the week, when the guests included the delegates to the meeting of the National Council of Women. Lady Laurier wore a beautiful gown of black chiffon, embroidered in a design of apple blossoms, mounted in white satin, and several handsome diamond ornaments. Miss Jane Fielding, Miss Marjory Edgar and Miss Coutlee dispensed the dainties of the tea-table.

AMONG the delegates to Ottawa to attend the meeting of the National Council of Women were Miss Fitzgibbon, of Toronto, for whom a most enjoyable tea was given by Mrs. Ahearn; Mrs. J. H. Thompson, of St. John, N.B.; Miss Beverley Robinson, of Toronto, who was the guest of Mrs. Thomas Ross while in the Capital, and Mrs. Torrington, also of Toronto, who was visiting Mrs. Beddoe.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, November 9, 1908.

"Ah," said the candidate, "this is Farmer Whiffletree's place, I believe. And you have just celebrated your golden wedding, I understand?" "Golden wedding nuthin'," was the response. "I've just been sued for \$10,000 with of breach of promise. You've got your card index mixed." —Washington Herald.

The Old Canoe

MY seams gape wide so I'm tossed aside

To rot on a lonely shore
While the leaves and mould like a shroud enfold,
For the last of my trails are o'er;
But I float in dreams on Northland streams

That never again I'll see,
As I lie on the marge of the old portage
With grief for company.

When the sunset gilds the timbered hills

That guard Temagami,
And the moonbeams play on far James Bay

By the brink of the frozen sea,
In phantom guise my spirit flies
As the dream-blades dip and swing
Where the waters flow from the Long Ago
In the spell of the beck'ning spring.

Do the cow-moose call on the Mont-treal
When the first frost bites the air,
And the mists unfold from the red and gold

That the autumn ridges wear?
When the white falls roar as they did of yore
On the Lady Evelyn,
Do the square-tail leap from the black pools deep
Where the pictured rocks begin?

Oh! the fur-fleets sing on Timiskaming
As the ashens paddles bend,
And the crews carouse at Rupert House

At the sullen winter's end;
But my days are done where the lean wolves run,
And I ripple no more the path
Where the gray geese race 'cross the red moon's face
From the white wind's Arctic wrath.

Though the death-fraught way from the Saguenay
To the storied Nipigon
Once knew me well, now a crumbling shell

I watch the years roll on,
While in memory's haze I live the days
That forever are gone from me,
As I rot on the marge of the old portage
With grief for company.

—George T. Marsh, in Scribner's Magazine.

Big John Maher was trying to lift a bag of rock salt, and that was no easy job. He tugged, he heaved, he grunted, he strained, but he could not lift the three hundred and fifty-three pounds higher than his knees, much less hoist it to his shoulder. He took off his little old gray felt hat and dried his beady brow, and said: "Wooh! 'Tis a hot day, so it is." "Well, John," said the young clerk, with the ever-ready jeer of the weak at the failure of the strong—"well,



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ing it more than the genial Governor-General himself.

Jasper—Whenever a great man dies, Longhair writes a poem about him. Rasper—Well, I must commend his consideration in not writing it before the great man dies.—Boston Globe.

Mr. Howard—Isn't it wonderful what force Niagara has? Mrs. Talk-much—Marvelous! Do you know, when I first saw it for a full moment I couldn't speak.—Brooklyn Life.

John, I guess the rock salt's got you stumped."

"Divil a fear, then," John replied, with his unfailing smile—"divil a fear. 'To it again,' says the grannio!"

The big fellow took a few deep breaths that sounded like a gale lashing a pine grove, made one last mighty try at the sack of salt, hove it up on his shoulder, and carried it out in triumph to old man Schenck's wagon.

"There, now, d' ye mind that!" he chuckled when he came back to the freight-house. "I knew the grannio, 'ud do it."

"What's the grannio, and what does he do?" asked the young clerk.

"Don't you know the grannio, Billy?" cried Big John, in surprise. "No? Well, do you know what a hedgehog is? Sure, then, a grannio is a hedgehog in Ireland. And he likes good eatin'—none better. When apples are ripe the grannio 'll go up a three, and walk out a limb till he gets above the finest and the juiciest. Then he'll pick out the biggest one, and give a big lep down at it, stickin' out his quills as he leps."

"He being heavy and the apple very juicy, mebbe the quills 'll pull out of it and he'll fall to the ground. No matter. 'To it again,' says the grannio, and up the tree he climbs, and gives another big lep at the same apple. And he'll go on climbing and leppin' till he gets what he wants. So 'tis an old saying at home, and many a man has won his battle by remembering the grannio."

Beggs, Oklahoma, is said to be the place where a minister, marrying a negro couple, asked the woman: "Do you take this man for better or for worse?" She interrupted by explaining: "No, judge, I wants him jest as he is. If he gits any better he'll die, and if he gits any wuss I'll kill him myself."

"What ails me, doc?" asked the genial clubman. "You need a job. You're suffering from overrest." —New York Sun.

Wigg—I have a noiseless typewriter. Wagg—Is she a deaf mute? —Philadelphia Record.

SOME years ago, when President-elect Taft was Governor-General of the Philippines, he was called upon one morning by the Rev. Henry Steunty, a missionary of the Methodist Church, now a bishop. The missionary was in trouble. He had raised the money to build a church and had purchased the site, only to find that, under an old Spanish law still in force, no such building could be erected unless the same was to be dedicated to the Catholic Church. It was a law handed down from the good old days when Church and State traveled hand in hand in the Spanish possessions.

The Governor-General heard the missionary's statement and said, "Wait a few minutes."

Turning to his stenographer, Mr. Taft dictated a few lines and then handed the typewritten sheet to the missionary, saying, "That's all right; now go ahead and build your church."

A few days later the popular Governor-General found tacked to the front door of his palace a huge placard bearing the words in big letters, "Legal Repair Shop: Old Laws Repaired While You Wait."

The joke was public property in Manila for some days, none enjoy-